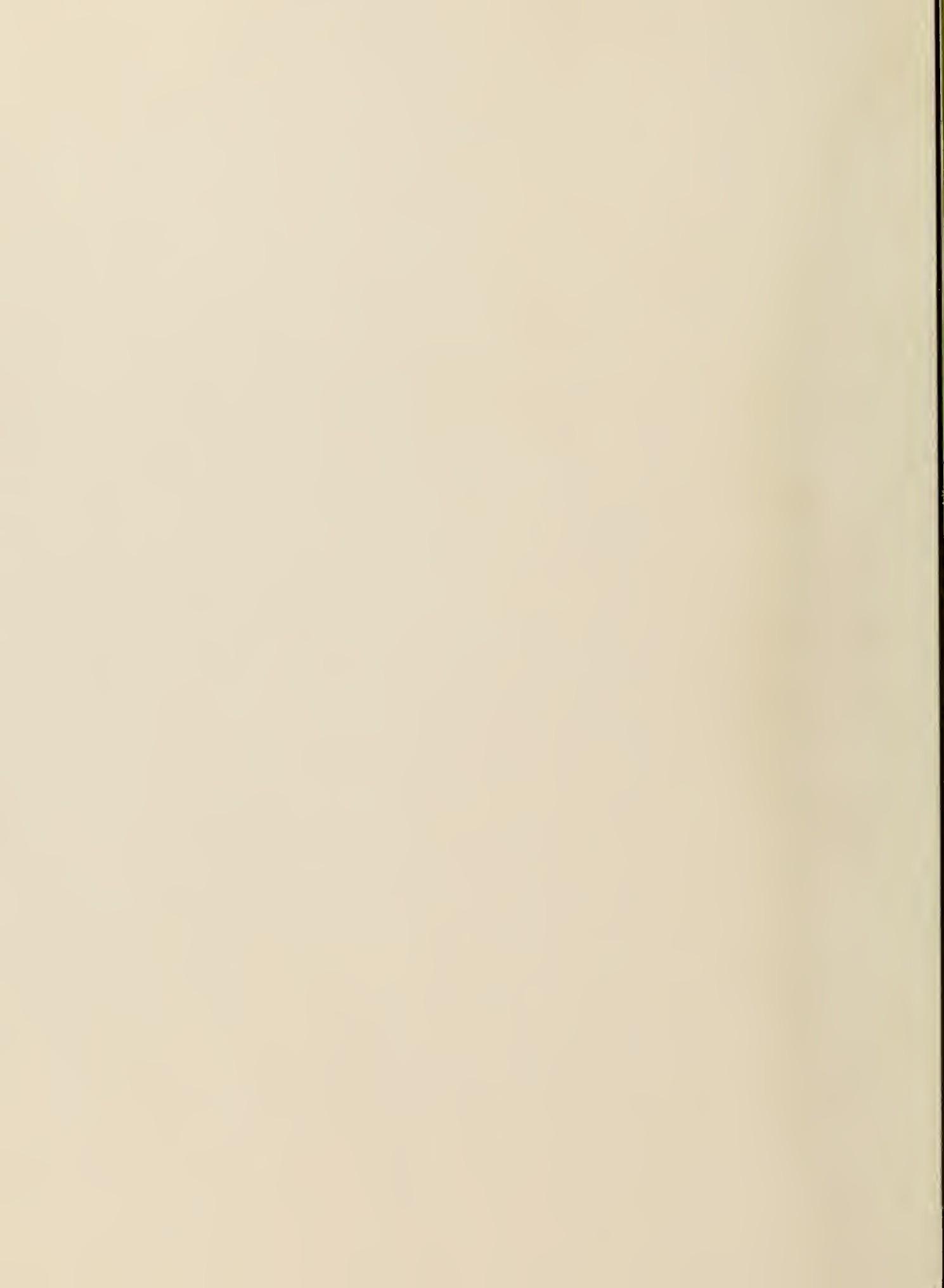


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FOR UNITED METHODIST FAMILIES

APRIL 1972

Young People Celebrate Holy Week
Albert Outler: Evangelism in the Wesleyan Spirit
Birmingham's Searchers and Enablers



He Lives, oil painting by William C. Kautz.

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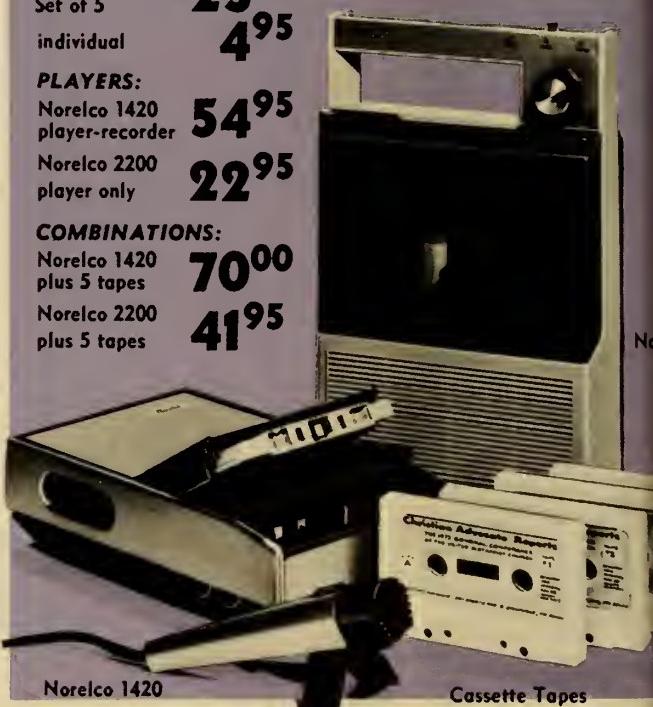
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This month's Easter theme cover artist is William C. Kautz, a successful illustrator and designer who in recent years has devoted himself to fine arts at his home in Huntington Station, N.Y. Mr. Kautz included this work last year in a one-man show at the Bible House Gallery of the American Bible Society, New York City. The oil painting, titled *He Lives*, is one of many by Mr. Kautz that follow Old and New Testament themes from Creation to the Resurrection. It is owned by Dr. Marvin H. Lundein of Minneapolis, Minn., and was among 53 works exhibited by the artist at Bible House.

GETHER APRIL 1972

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Youth Celebrates Holy Week

A Good Friday Pilgrimage . . . In East Peoria, Illinois



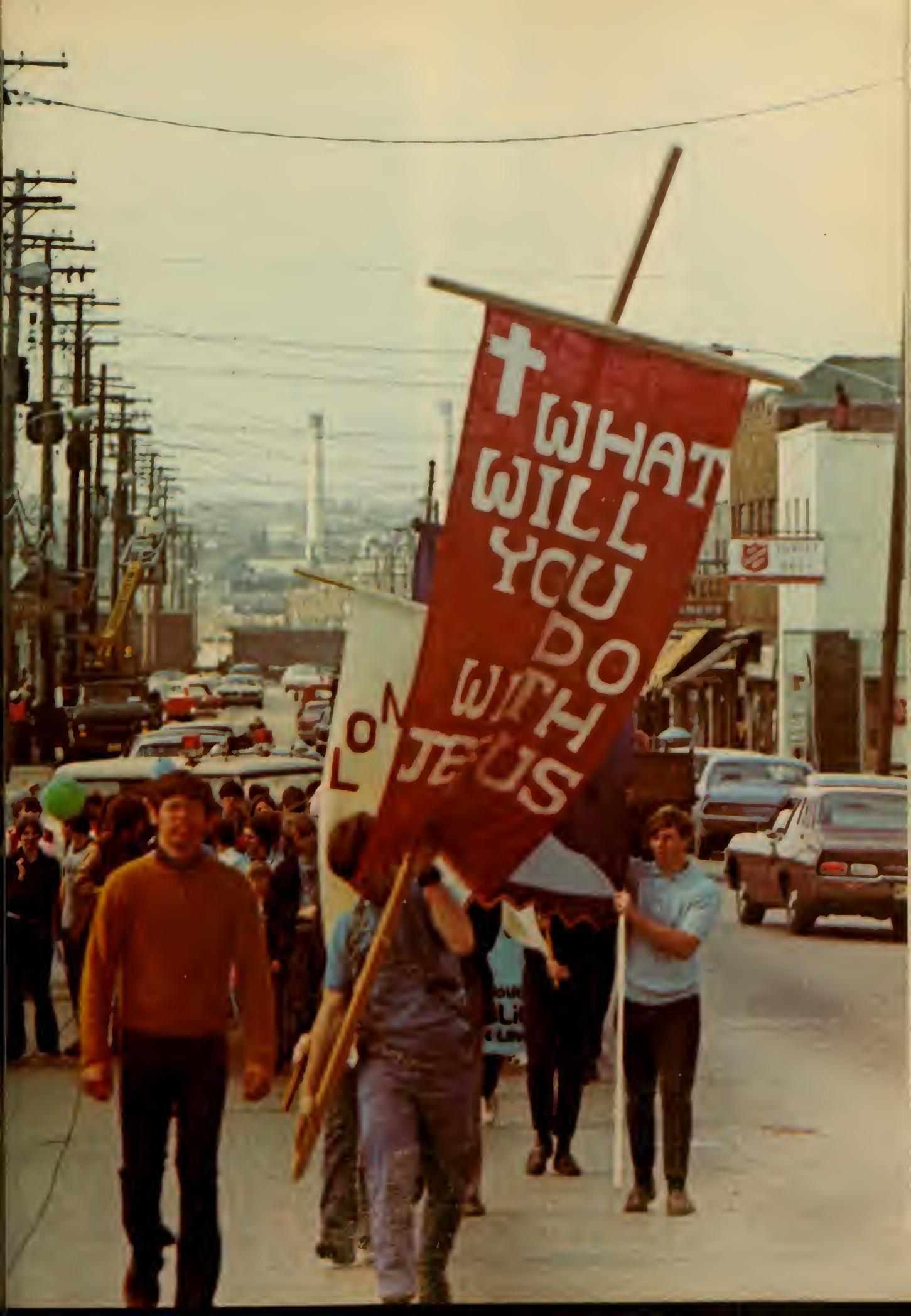
The marchers assembled in a city parking lot (above). Some carried banners and balloons. Some wore suggestions of biblical costumes, like blanket-draped Peter. Local police helped clear the streets for the procession (facing page).

FRIDAY, April 9, 1971. Cloudy, windy, and coolish in East Peoria, Ill., but not disagreeable enough to deter the 150 or so youthful pilgrims. For months they had planned and prepared the Good Friday dramatization of the Passion of Jesus.

The idea was to present the biblical story in a way that would be meaningful to the townsfolk of this 20th-century, Midwestern community of 18,300. They had decided to repeat the Good Friday pilgrimage they inaugurated the year before. They would reenact various segments of Jesus' last hours at various places throughout the city. As nearly as possible, locations would be chosen to correspond with the biblical sites in which Jesus found himself. The civil trial, for example, would be enacted outside a law office; and Judas would return his 30 coins of silver in a church.

At noon the participants, representing at least seven churches, marched out of their staging area in a city parking lot. Some carried banners and helium-filled balloons. A few wore suggestions of biblical costumes.

Text by Martha A. Lane / Pictures by George P. Miller



WHAT
WILL
YOU
DO
WITH
JESUS?
TODAY



They halted first behind a florist's shop which for a few minutes would be the Garden of Gethsemane. A handful of costumed youth from St. Monica's Roman Catholic Church stepped forward. Their vignette featured words and music from *Jesus Christ Superstar*:

"Hang on, Lord, we're gonna fight for you. . . ."

"Put away your sword. Don't you know that it's all over? / It was nice but now it's gone. . . . Stick to fishing from now on."

The second stop was in the city council chambers. A contemporary trial, written and staged by youth

from First Baptist Church, emphasized the false witnesses and mockery involved in Jesus' trial. In this case the accused was a young, confident, speech-loving pacifist.

"He's a spy. He ought to be hanged!"

"Come here, young feller. What do you say to that?"

Silence.

"Listen, young feller, that crowd is in an ugly mood. They aim to kill you. I'm the only one can save you. Don't you know that?"

Again no answer.

"Are you against our society?"

"I am for God's society. . . . I

would like to see America today built on the truth of God. I believe Jesus died to save us and make us better men than we are—to change us into lovers and practitioners of truth and justice."

"What are truth and justice?" Pause. "Listen, you fellows. This is a matter of politics, I believe. Why don't you take him to the mayor? See what he has to say."

Peter's denial was portrayed on the front steps of East Peoria City Hall by young people from First and Faith United Methodist Churches. (The idea for the pilgrimage had originated in First Church.) A shopkeeper watched



The first vignette (far left) portrayed Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane. Reactions of onlookers (center) seemed mixed as a rock 'n' roll band played Jesus Christ Superstar's version of that night long ago. A contemporary trial was staged in the city council chambers (above), and Peter denied Christ on the front steps of city hall (below). Judas then returned the 30 coins of silver in a church, and Christ's civil trial before Pilate was held outside a law office. The dramatizations emphasized a biblical/contemporary parallel: we still crucify Christ.



The road to Calvary led from a park (left) to a bluff overlooking Peoria (right), the much-larger sister city of East Peoria.

After the Crucifixion was described, young people released balloons, symbols of joy and thanksgiving for the gift of God's Son. One balloon, they later learned, traveled nearly 400 miles.

from across the street as the crowd, mostly young, sang a ballad: "Crew the cock! Why, why did I let him down?" Then the dialogue, which followed the biblical account closely:

"That man! He's one of them!"

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"I tell you he's one of them. I saw him with the group following Jesus."

Judas returned the money to the chief priests and elders in a scene at First United Methodist Church acted out by youth from Spring Bay United Methodist Church. The civil trial, conducted by Pilate, was presented out-



side the Reardon and Associates law offices by a Highway Village Mennonite group.

Then junior youth from Fondulac Congregational Church led the crowd along the road to Calvary—at the edge of a city park.

"What do you think?" a narrator challenged after biblical dialogue had been presented. "Was the road to Calvary a long, lonesome road? Was it made any easier when Simon took the cross from Jesus? And that heavy cross—was it any lighter for Simon than for Jesus? Do you find it easier to help someone with his own suffering and sacrifice?

"Can you carry your own cross?"

Finally the crowd trudged up a hill overlooking the city where senior-high Congregationalists called on people to think about the Crucifixion. A "radio broadcaster" described the execution. Dozens of balloons carrying Easter messages and symbols were released, and then there was a benediction.

Each church had provided at least one banner for the pilgrimage, and they were used again in the Easter sunrise service at St. Monica's Catholic Church. That service of celebration, attended by a capacity crowd, climaxed the weekend's ecu-

menical events in East Peoria.

The pilgrimage itself was not exactly a crowd stopper. Few passersby joined the procession, although they had been invited. Still, who knows what it meant to shoppers who paused to read a banner's message? Or what the dramatization meant to television news viewers that night? Many positive comments from viewers of three TV stations indicated that Easter did mean more to them because of the dramatization.

That will be the hope of East Peoria's young people as they stage the Passion events on Good Friday again this year. □



Youth Celebrates Holy Week

An Easter Happening...

In Applewood Valley, Colorado



SATURDAY, April 10, 1971. They were young people from 14 years to voting age. They wore long hair and short hair, headbands and beards, uniforms and conventional dress. They came with their guitars and sleeping bags.

By noon there were 200 of them, and their multi-colored tents were sprouting like Easter flowers on the grassy hillside overlooking Applewood, a suburb west of Denver, Colo. Bright flags and banners blew from assorted tents along newly laid out "streets"—Gospel Gulch, Resurrection Road, Crucifixion Court.

Hosanna City was a true Colorado boomtown, springing up in the foothills behind Applewood Valley United Methodist Church. And like other boomtowns, it soon vanished in the spring sunshine, leaving only trampled weeds and three wooden crosses to mark its brief existence. But its memory will linger long in the minds of its residents.

"Hosanna '71" was an Easter happening, instigated by and for young people, for churchgoers and nonchurchgoers alike. The idea was sparked during a United Methodist Youth Fellowship meeting at Applewood Valley Church on February 8, 1971. Al Brown, the youth minister, had asked, "How would you like to have a camp-in on the hill behind the church?"

"Sounds great!" the kids agreed.

"We can make it a Resurrection celebration," someone suggested.

One fellow was doubtful. "There may be gate-crashers and troublemakers," he worried. The group consequently organized a "fuzz committee" of older students who would patrol the boundaries and handle any trouble spots. In addition, they hired a deputy sheriff to assist them.

They brainstormed to find a name and Hosanna '71 was the choice. As the plans rapidly grew, they included youth committees from seven other area churches: Wheat Ridge Presbyterian, Shepherd of the Hills Presbyterian, United Church of the Applewoods, Lakewood Christian, St. John Chrysostom Episcopal, Sts. Peter and Paul Catholic, and the Denver Inner-City Parish.

All young people 14 and older were invited to take part, the only requirements being that they preregister and pay a \$2 fee for meals and materials.

Sanitation plans were worked out with the Jefferson County Health Department. A committee visited with neighbors to enlist their suggestions and approval.

To set the mood for the Resurrection celebration, the young people organized six Lenten services which were held at 6:30 on consecutive Wednesday mornings in participating churches.

Eighty turned out at the first service to hear speaker Craig Hart, a former Roman Catholic priest. A contemporary rock group, the Forbidden Fruit, furnished the music. Then worshipers shared in a light breakfast. By the final Wednesday-morning service attendance had increased to 114 and enthusiasm was mounting for the 20-hour long tent-city celebration.

If Al Brown still had doubts about the worth of Hosanna '71, they were dispelled at the close of the last Lenten service, when a 16-year-old approached him.

"May I talk to you in your office?" she asked.

The pastor noticed she was nervous, even shaky. She closed the office door behind them.

"Since I've been coming to the Hosanna services, I've been doing a lot of thinking," she said. "I have something I want to give you."

She reached into her jeans and pulled out a crude handmade suede pouch. Inside was a dirty glass syringe.

"What have you been shooting?" he asked.

"Speed. I've decided to quit."

"Do you think you can do it?"

"I'm sure going to try. My sister is on heroin. I hope we can help her, too."

The Saturday before Easter was a perfect spring day. Youngsters got acquainted as they took part in banner and poster workshops.

The afternoon brought rap sessions with the "Establishment and Dis-Establishment." Special tents were labeled "God Squad," "Shrink Tent," "Buzz with the Fuzz," "Viet Nam Tent," "Ecology Tent," and "Price of Peace." Young people moved from tent to tent for discussions and debates on the family, church, law-enforcement issues, and local-government problems.

The Rev. William Byrd, Denver District superintendent, spent several hours rapping with Hosanna residents in the God Squad Tent.

"I have listened to many young people," he said later. "They expressed deep thought and concern about their relation to the church. I was impressed that they were listening and reacting. But I felt the real theological questions were being asked at the gut level—with the law officers and Army men."

In the Fuzz Tent, FBI man Boyd Adsit, two county sheriff's deputies, and a Lakewood police agent were rapping with a large, intent crowd. The officers frankly answered such questions as: What does marijuana smell like? Would you shoot a juvenile running away from a pot party? What should I do if accosted from behind? Do police think of themselves as citizens? How can I become a law-enforcement officer? Do policemen resent being called "cops"?

Another crowded tent was occupied by Col. Cecil Baldwin, commanding officer of the ROTC at nearby Colorado School of Mines, and by Tom Mutz, a conscientious objector. They discussed Korea and Berlin, atrocities reportedly committed by South Vietnamese troops, drug use among American soldiers, and ending the war now. The talk was sometimes heated, always intense.

Next door, Libor Brom, a Czechoslovakian refugee, was talking about peace in the recent past. His firsthand accounts of Hitler's rise in Europe, World War II, and the communist takeover of his country were graphic.

State Senator Joseph Schieffelin's popular sessions on



Afternoon raps provided opportunities to meet members of the "establishment." Col. Cecil Baldwin, an ROTC officer, leaves tent (above) after dialogue with a pacifist. Those in the "Buzz with the Fuzz" tent met an FBI agent, two county sheriff's deputies, and a city officer. There were questions about drugs, law-enforcement, and what a policeman's job entails.





For many the highlight of Hosanna City came Saturday night. A 50-member dance troupe presented their interpretation of the Jesus Christ Superstar rock opera in the church fellowship hall. One boy remarked later, "I've heard the story all my life, but this is the first time I realized what it meant."

ecology prompted one girl to ask how to get a ditch that ran through her community cleaned up.

The Shrink Tent was another lively place as psychologist John Lyke gave candid answers to teen problems. "They spoke mostly about family relations," Dr. Lyke said later. "There doesn't seem to be as much of a generation gap as a communications gap."

One thing about young people never changes—their insatiable appetites. Hot sloppy joes, salad, potato chips, and pop were served at 5:30 p.m. Diners carried their plates to a grassy hillside where rock music poured into their right ears and gospel rhythms came in from the left.

Hosanna '71 was a religious experience as well as a human-relations experiment. For many, the greatest im-

pact came on Saturday night, when the Choregos, a 50-member dance troupe, presented an original interpretation of the contemporary rock opera *Jesus Christ Superstar*. Performed in the church fellowship hall, the drama began with a dance by Judas against a tableau of Christ with the apostles and Mary Magdalene. The compelling music and the articulate choreography clearly portrayed the last days before the Crucifixion. The audience sat spellbound as the story built to the inevitable execution. As they left the hall, many had tears in their eyes.

"I've heard the story all my life, but this is the first time I realized what it really meant for Jesus to go through with it," remarked one boy.

With the final notes of John 4:19 still ringing in their



A chill wind awakened the tenters early Easter morning. Gratefully hustling into the warm church, they enjoyed a light breakfast. The brief worship service ended with a candle-lighting ceremony. In their final act of joy, the youth went outside to release 1,000 balloons.

ears, the young people climbed the hill to their tents. Late into the night the soft chords of scattered guitars and young voices drifted over Hosanna City. Many youngsters moved their sleeping bags outside and slept under the stars.

A chill predawn wind wakened the Hosanna people early Easter morning. Hustling into the church, they ate a light breakfast, then solemnly filed into the hall for the sunrise worship service:

"He is risen! The news is like a burst of wild music! It's like making an angel in the snow! It's like picking a flower and giving it to a policeman!"

After a series of personal confessions and Mr. Brown's

brief sermon, the worshipers joined in a candle-lighting ceremony. Just before dawn, the congregation hurried outside to release 1,000 helium-filled balloons into the windy sky.

Then they swiftly folded their tents and sleepily—but joyfully—headed for home. □



...but just look at her now!

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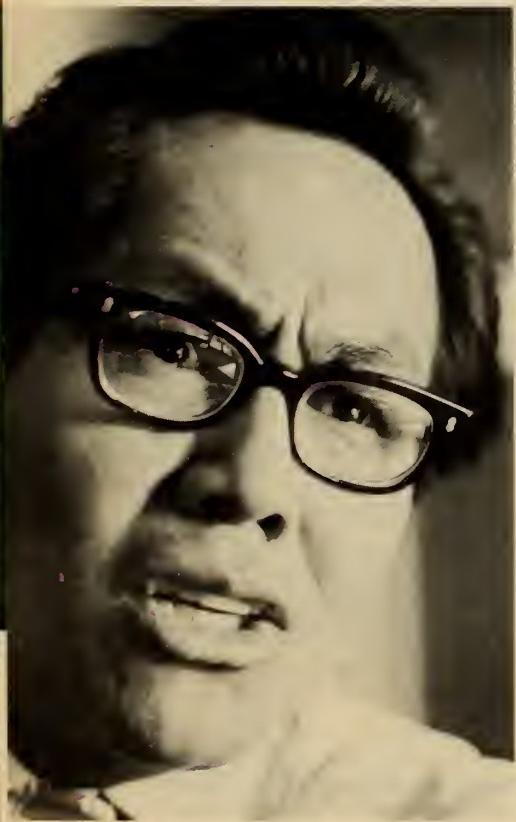
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Ombudsman Sees: New Hope, Opportunities for Indian Churchmen



The Rev. Raymond G. Baines made United Methodist history last year when he became the church's first American Indian ombudsman. The soft-spoken father of four was eminently qualified for the task. He is a full-blooded American Indian—of the Tsimpshean and Tlingit tribes of southern Alaska. He has held scores of leadership positions in American Indian communities. He's been pastor of a church in his hometown of Metlakatla, Alaska; head of the Department of Indian Work for the Minnesota Council of Churches; associate director of Cook Christian Training School in Tempe, Ariz.; and was first chairman of the Board of Missions' newly formed Advisory Committee on Indian work. Currently he is a member-at-large of his denomination's Program Council. This interview was drawn from conversations Mr. Baines had with *Together* Associate Editor Martha A. Lane.

Let's begin by getting a definition of your new position, Ray. Just what is an ombudsman?

It means "advocate" or "trouble-shooter." I like the term "advocate" best because people understand it best. And theologically it's a good term since "troubleshooter" doesn't sound too biblical.

How is your work funded?

The position has been made possible through a grant to the American Indian caucus by the Commission on Religion and Race.

Did the commission appoint you to the position?

No, I was elected to the position by the American Indian Caucus.

What types of things have you been doing as ombudsman?

I see my prime function as contacting the grass-roots people—the Indian people in the church—to find out what they want. Right now there are some 42 reservations and other areas where The United Meth-

odist Church works with Indians. These are in 17 annual conferences which cover 21 states. So far I have visited about three fourths of these areas. In anticipation of the upcoming General Conference I have been meeting also with a number of people in top agencies of the church to see what they have to offer to my people.

When I visit Indian churches, I simply introduce myself and get to know the Indian leadership so I can correspond with them and they'll know who I am and I'll know who they are. After I've visited all of them, I'll start setting up appointments to go back and sit down with the Indian people—spend several days in each place—sharing with them what channels of communication are open in the church, possibilities for programs, how to be on annual-conference committees, and so on.

I plan on learning what can be done to make the church more meaningful to Indian people, and how they can be witnesses in the

church. I want to make contact with young people who are interested in the church. I also have visited bishops—I have shared with them what I feel my job is and why. I have found complete openness and enthusiasm on the part of the bishops and program councils that I have contacted to date.

What are you learning from your visits to the Indian people?

One thing I'm finding is the poor relationships which most annual conferences have to the so-called Indian missions within the conference. Not only is geographical isolation part of the picture, but there is even a political and social kind of isolation.

A lot of the Indian churches are way out. In some cases I have to drive for several hours to get there from an airport. It seems a matter of convenience to tack such places onto some larger white congregation and then forget about them. There are instances—at least one—where a minister was given a pastoral appointment in a western state and all he knew when he went was that he had a two-point charge. He didn't even realize until he got there that one of the two was an Indian church. It was 40 miles from the other, isolated on a dirt road and, when the weather was bad, he couldn't make it to the church. He usually got there two Sunday afternoons a month.

The attitude of The United Methodist Church in many of these isolated areas is "the Indian church is a burden, but we'll just have to assign somebody." And some of these churches have an appalling turnover of pastors. It's hard to keep them for a number of reasons, including low salaries. I've been aware of these problems before.

Another thing I've learned is that the Indian people want Indian leadership—their own Indian church and their own Indian pastor.

Do you see any possible solutions to such problems?

I place a lot of hope in the Oklahoma Indian Mission Conference. But they're not sure—the Indian people are not sure—whether they're ready to start sending out their pastors to faraway places.

There are, as I understand it, many more licensed pastors in the Oklahoma Indian Mission than are actually pastoring churches. You must remember that there are no academic requirements for pastors in that conference. Their salaries are very low and their pension level is

about half of what it is in the Southern California-Arizona Conference to which I belong. So they drop out of the church to go to construction work, farming, or something else.

We need a crash training program for these pastors in order to upgrade their skills and help them to be more effective ministers. And we need a long-range training program which would include educational scholarships, to provide ministers with seminary training. I'm talking about the church, our church providing a million dollars over a quadrennium for education—not just the usual piddling sums.

I've known all the Indian district superintendents in the Oklahoma conference for 10 years. The consensus is that the men are sincere and dedicated, and they have evangelical zeal, but they don't fully understand the possibilities of service to Indian people outside their conference. Of course if we took the men who are capable of pastoring in out-of-the-way places, we'd be draining their leadership.

Hasn't the picture of seminary-trained Indians improved any?

No. I still am one of only five seminary-trained American Indian pastors in the whole United Methodist Church. We do have one man in seminary now, I believe.

What do you see as the one thing American Indians need more than anything else?

Education. Aside from a person's relationship to Christ, which is the real answer to life's problems, the next thing my people need is education. Instead of helping educate Indians, the church has hampered educational possibilities in many areas, by putting stringent rules and regulations on our scholarship programs for instance.

What type of stringent requirements?

Well, first of all, church scholarships to Indians are only \$300 a year. But the two regulations are that a person has to be the child of an Indian pastor, and he has to be going into full-time church-related work. These regulations immediately shut out most of the people, even young people who have a real interest in staying in the church and participating in lay leadership capacities.

When I was in New York a few months ago, I was telling Dr. Evelyn Berry—she's with the Board of Education and the one who goes over

the Indian scholarship applications—that there are many young people who need help with education.

For example, when I was on the Paiute reservation in western Nevada, I found a little Indian Methodist church which had six kids in college—and all of them are struggling, on the verge of dropping out because of a lack of finances. There are a lot of Methodist Indian young people who really want to go to college.

Dr. Berry said, "Do you know, there is \$37,000 in Indian scholarship funds but the requirements are so narrow that nobody can qualify for them, so they just keep building



How's Your Hearing?

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up." So now, with the leadership of the Rev. Homer Noley, our Indian Desk staff person in the Unit of Special Ministries of the Board of Missions' National Division, we're working to change the guidelines to something more reasonable.

All in all, have things gotten better for American Indian Methodists—as far as the church is treating them?

Let me answer that in this way. In 1966, out of the 25 or so United Methodists who were gathered to plan the denomination's Indian work, only one was an Indian. In 1968, 50 percent of the 60 consultants meeting to evaluate Indian work were Indians. In May, 1971, I took over this position. Then Homer Noley was named to his Board of Missions post. We're starting to feel results of the efforts that we ourselves are putting forth. It is an indication that the church is concerned and wants to be open.

What problems remain?

We're still not adequately represented. There are 99 black delegates to 1972 General Conference, for example, 6 Hispanic-Americans, 6 Asian-Americans—and two nonvoting American Indians. This kind of thing is mere tokenism, the same kind of situation that we've had in the past. There is a move being made to try to get the two Indians seated with vote at the beginning of the 1972 sessions.

Another problem that persists is the inflexibility of the church—its unwillingness to step aside and let Indians do things as they see fit.

Can you give me a specific example of such inflexibility?

Here's a real classic example. About a year ago I got a call from an Indian group I'd known for several years. They wanted me to join them in meeting with district representatives because they were having problems and needed a spokesman.

The Indian group was faced with an extremely paternalistic attitude of two local white ministers, a district superintendent and one other white pastor. I met from seven o'clock until midnight with the Indian people prior to meeting with the pastors and district superintendent. The Indians were requesting either the return of a deaconess with whom they'd worked very satisfactorily for a number of years or the appointment of their own minister. There were 25 Indians present, almost half of whom were

Roman Catholics. The others were United Methodists. They were unanimous in their request. Still the committee was unwilling to listen to them. The Indians made a motion. Then one of the white ministers said, "I hear what you're saying but I think it would be better worded this way."

I stopped him. I told him it was not his prerogative to change the motion, but just to vote on it. Seven of the district committee were present. When they voted, four white ministers abstained. I asked, "On what grounds do you not support the Indian people?" None of them would say a word.

This manifests the inflexibility of the church. They refused to do what the Indians felt was needed. And the pastor who spoke so strongly against Indians' wishes was the one assigned to their church. Since that meeting, the Indian people have never gone back to that church, which is located on the reservation. That pastor hasn't had a service in that church for at least 14 months, I understand.

But in spite of these types of problems, you remain very optimistic about American Indian Methodism. Why are you so optimistic?

Because I envision how the church could extend its mission by putting Indian leaders in the field. The United Methodist Church has a far larger constituency of American Indians than any other Protestant denomination. It possibly has as many Indians as all the others together. We have 12,000 members in Oklahoma alone.

The Presbyterian Church's work among the natives of Alaska is in a pathetic situation. Many villages have only one church—Presbyterian—and a number of them are currently without pastors. A friend told me of at least ten such villages, with a combined population of several thousand. One minister told me the problem is money, another said there is no available manpower.

In Oklahoma we have ministers with the leadership and the potential commitment needed. If we could just upgrade their skills, they could step into such situations. In many areas where other denominations can no longer maintain their Indian churches, they are willing to turn the facilities and programs over to other denominations. The door to mission is open everywhere. And we have the potential manpower to step into such opportunities—if we can get strong backing from our church soon. □

NEWS

CATHOLICS, METHODISTS SHARE BUILDINGS

Leading Anglican and Roman Catholic theologians may have announced agreement on some understandings about Holy Communion, but to many United Methodists and Catholics there are other ecumenical issues—like who is going to share what building with whom.

In Grand Forks, N.Dak., Wesley United Methodist Church voted to purchase a high school from the Catholic school board. The congregation had moved into the school last July after its building was purchased by the Grand Forks Parking Authority and later demolished for a parking lot.

The school gym will be changed into a sanctuary, chapel, and lounge. The congregation had received two bids on a proposed new building but found costs too high to proceed.

A similar arrangement without purchase in the process involves Peace United Methodist Church of Shoreview, Minn., a Minneapolis suburb. It has put its outgrown property up for sale and is using facilities of the Home of the Good Shepherd, a Catholic-operated treatment facility for delinquent girls. The United Methodist congregation receives an offering each month to give to its Catholic hosts.

Almost the reverse situation is true in another Minneapolis-area suburb. The 350 families of St. Gerard's Catholic Parish in Brooklyn Park have gone to mass at Riverview United Methodist Church since their parish was established two years ago. Their building is near completion, and the United Methodists will present a baptismal gift as a housewarming gift.



What claims to be the nation's only Jewish marching band, though it isn't all Jewish, repaid a 14-year-old ecumenical favor by playing Christmas carols on the lawn of First United Methodist Church of Baldwin, N.Y.

In 1957 the then Methodist congregation allowed the Jewish congregation to hold High Holy Day services in its building while a Jewish center was being built. The United Methodist pastor, the Rev. Wilfred Hansen, and Rabbi A. David Arzt have exchanged pulpits since then and the two congregations have hosted each other at social events. Band director Mondel Fogel made clear that the bond is not totally Jewish. "About 20 percent are Catholics and Protestants, and last March we marched in the St. Patrick's Day parade."

UNITED METHODISTS IN THE NEWS

The first "Distinguished Teacher Award" by the National Association of Schools and Colleges of The United Methodist Church was presented to Dr. Om P. Puri, professor and chairman of the department of physics at United Methodist-related Clark College in Atlanta, Ga. In other business Dr. Paul Hardin III, president of United Methodist-related Wofford College in Spartanburg, S.C., was elected president of the association.

Dr. Alan Geyer, editor of *The Christian Century* and a member of

the Northern New Jersey Annual Conference, will resign effective May 1 to become the first Dag Hammarskjold professor of peace studies at Colgate University in Hamilton, N.Y. He will teach and direct the interdepartmental peace studies program established two years ago.

Viola and Bennie Tice, members of the United Methodist Church of Canton, Okla., were named by the Oklahoma Farm Bureau as "Farm Family of the Year."

Laughing 50 Years Later

Horace McNeer still laughs about it, but 50 years ago he was taken from his hometown, Crescent, Okla., and his whereabouts was unknown for 24 hours.

The incident is still remembered in that town, and Mr. McNeer's pastor, the Rev. Bruce A. Bowdon of Crescent's United Methodist Church, related the story to *Together* recently.

One Saturday morning in 1922, the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe made its daily stop in Crescent and a shapely blonde stepped off the train.

Her fancy red dress, bright in the spring sunshine, caught the eye of everyone on Main Street as she twisted down the sidewalk past the general store.

Suddenly a black Dodge touring car zipped from around the corner and stopped abruptly. A man dressed in gangster-style clothing and a wide-brimmed hat jumped from the car's back seat.

He grabbed the blonde, dragged her toward the car, and pushed his screaming, struggling victim into the back seat. As suddenly as it had appeared, the shiny Dodge sped down the dirt road and disappeared into a spray of gravel and dust.

News of the kidnapping spread throughout the small Oklahoma

town and many theories were offered as to what was behind the incident. The Methodist minister, however, claimed to know the "full story" and promised to reveal all the details in his worship service the next day.

That Sunday morning an anticipative crowd packed the Methodist church. The service was almost over when the rear door squeaked open.

Everyone turned around, surprised to see the kidnapped girl and her abductor proceeding solemnly down the aisle.

The pair paused at the altar, turned toward the astonished congregation, and yanked off their convincing disguises. Both were teenage Crescent boys.

Everyone quickly realized this was another of the Rev. A. M. Wallock's "creative ideas" to get people to church. And the people in Crescent still laugh about "the kidnapping."

The red-dressed "girl," Mr. McNeer, now a retired bank president, lives just a block away from his "kidnapper," Velvie Bridal, a retired pharmacist. Both are still close friends and active churchmen.

Mr. Wallock later went to the Wichita Mountains near Lawton, Okla., and created the "Holy City" where every year thousands come at Easter to watch an all-night pageant portraying the life of Christ.



Ecumenist with an upbeat is the Rev. William K. Burns. Minister of music at Morrow Memorial United Methodist Church in Maplewood, N.J., the former jazz pianist also teaches a class on "The Upcoming Music: Jazz, Rock, and Cinema" at Roman Catholic-related Seton Hall University. Recordings of jazz and classics are popular with students such as Paul Pedicini and Lois Checchio. Mr. Burns also is United Methodism's representative on the Consultation on an Ecumenical Hymnody, which includes Catholics and Protestants.

CHURCH EDITORS ASKED TO AVOID SEX STEREOTYPES

Noticed any sex-stereotyped boys and girls in your church-school curriculum recently?

At least two church groups have and they are attempting to do something about it.

The National Council of Churches' (NCC) Division of Christian Education has issued a set of guidelines to help writers, editors, artists, and photographers of Christian educational material avoid sex role stereotypes.

The guidelines, for instance, ask media people not to use the generic term "man" when "persons" would do as well and to watch out for stereotypes which suggest that females are passive and men aggressive, that girls and women are allowed to cry while this is considered a weakness in males.

Women should be pictured in business and industry while men can be shown as teachers and nurses, the guidelines suggest. They add that girls ought to be pictured doing things with fathers sometimes and boys with mothers and that both men and women should be seen doing cooking and yardwork.

One person who studied curricula of six Protestant denominations found that girls are outnumbered in pictures by boys by better than three to one and that men outnumber women by four to one.

"The church did not invent these images," said Diana Lee Beach, who studied the material. Miss Beach, a chaplain at the Taft School in Watertown, Conn., said, "They are the collective image of reality which most of us believe in even if we don't actually live that way . . . and they are the assumptions we pass on to our children."

Likewise interested in the sex images conveyed through curricular materials is the National United Methodist Women's Caucus. At its organizational meeting last fall the caucus endorsed recommendations for improving men's and women's images in curriculum.

One Board of Education official responded that criticisms of United Methodist curriculum sex stereotypes are out of date and that the former problems have been corrected.

The women's caucus evidently was not satisfied. Curriculum remained on the agenda for its early-March meeting just prior to the General Conference.

Churches and War: Where Their Treasure Is . . .

Church leaders appear to be stepping up their protests of the Viet Nam War. But ten Protestant denominations, including United Methodist, have been accused of supporting the war economically through stock holdings in corporations supplying military armaments.

The peace movement was revived in mid-January at a four-day Ecumenical Witness conference in Kansas City, Mo. Some called it the most comprehensive gathering of church leaders in the United States on the peace issue.

More than 600 participants—Roman Catholics, Protestants, Jews, Orthodox, and several overseas representatives—criticized what they termed immoral and racist U.S. policies in Southeast Asia. In their statement they asked churches and synagogues to make an end to the war their first priority.

The religious leaders denied that the war is winding down and charged that Vietnamization forces Asians to be a "proxy" army for the U.S. and "die in our places."

Some 60 United Methodists attending the "witness" caucused briefly to discuss ways to influence their denomination's General Conference to deal with war issues when it meets in April. They were led by Bishop James Armstrong of the Dakotas Area. The only United Methodist bishop present, he is one of 17 United Methodist sponsors of "An Ecumenical Witness" and chairman of the committee that drafted the conference's message.

The message encourages several actions: make the war a major political campaign issue in 1972, check political candidates' stands on peace and other issues, and publish in church bulletins local congressmen's voting records.

It also urges churchmen to withhold payment of telephone excise taxes and portions of income taxes, boycott consumer products made by corporations engaged in manufacturing military hardware, take stockholder action to influence corporation policies, and participate in a ministry to Viet Nam veterans.

Ecumenical Witness participants were also encouraged to attend a peace vigil held in Washington, D.C., a few days after the Kansas City meeting.

The vigil for families of prisoners of war (POWs) and men missing in action drew several hundred churchmen, including Bishop Armstrong and 30 United Methodist pastors

attending a preaching conference at Capitol Hill United Methodist Church.

As President Nixon delivered his State of the Union address, the peace-vigil demonstrators carried signs with names of POWs and asked that the President stop the bombing and Vietnamization and set a withdrawal date.

Church leaders recognize that one problem resulting from the nation's division over the war is discrimination against returning veterans, more than 3 million of them. People fear the potential for violence which the veteran may display and fear that he may be a drug user, said one United Presbyterian official involved in planning an emergency ministry to veterans of the Indochina war.

Initiated and financed by the United Presbyterian Church, the three-year program began in January. It will develop training and literature programs, provide grants and matching funds for local programs, and help veterans with housing, employment, counseling, and drug rehabilitation.

The new ministry will join United Methodists, Southern Presbyterians, Baptists, Disciples of Christ, and other groups in common strategy through the NCC. Its first task will be to help pastors and professional counselors obtain expertise for this new aspect of their ministry.

A special youth committee of the United Methodist Board of Missions has asked the denomination to examine another aspect of the war. In a petition to General Conference they are asking the church to look at investments in corporations "whose products play a crucial role in the continuing technological air war in Indochina."

Denominational investment practices were questioned earlier in a study by the NCC's Corporate Information Center (CIC) which revealed that ten Protestant denominations hold stocks valued at more than \$200 million in 29 of the nation's top 60 military contractors.

Heading the list was The United Methodist Church with \$60 million (14 percent of its total investments), followed closely by the United Presbyterian Church with \$58 million (12.8 percent). The Christian Church (Disciples of Christ) topped the list in percentages, however, with 41.4 percent of its holdings invested in these corporations.

According to CIC director Frank

White, churches are not being hypocritical. They just have not thought about their investments, he said. NCC members requested the study to find out which commercial concerns have the heaviest vested interests in war materials.

Responding to outside criticism of the churches' investments, the president of the Christian Church said, "If churches are to be condemned for holding stock in companies with military contracts, then so are people who use Fords, RCA televisions, General Electric lamps, IBM typewriters, and telephone service from AT&T. Is this war complicity?" asked Dr. Dale Fiers.

Welcoming the report, United Methodist General Treasurer R. Bryan Brawner said church investors need all available help. He said, however, that considerable progress has been made in bringing United Methodist practices in line with the church's policies since 1970, the year covered in the study.

Prepared as a guide for churches and organizations, the study said churches are uniquely "called on to be morally and socially responsible and to give leadership and guidance in relationship to social impact of corporations." With the new awareness the study intends, churchmen hopefully will be better prepared to provide this type of guidance in investment decisions.

"We're not asking churches to sell their stock," Mr. White stressed. "It's more important to use their stockholder power to influence management and corporate policies." The study suggested criteria other than the military factor for corporate responsibility including treatment of the environment, minority-hiring policies, and responsible use of natural resources and foreign investment.

The study emphasizes the necessity for churchmen to ask how moral and economic wealth of churches and other institutions is being used. Indeed, an editorial in *The Texas Methodist* questioned the morality of stockpiling, referring to the \$22 billion which Mr. White estimated that U.S. Protestant, Roman Catholic, and Jewish denominations have invested in stocks. "Considering the rampant poverty in much of the world today and the gospel's demand for service to those in need," the newspaper said, the holding of \$22 billion in stock by religious groups in the U.S. "seems unconscionable."

COKESBURY TO ADD TWO DENOMINATIONS' MATERIALS

Cokesbury Division of The Methodist Publishing House (MPH), already expanding with two new stores, is going one step farther in a cooperative ecumenical venture.

Beginning August 1, Cokesbury will take over retail and mail-order distribution of books and supplies of the United Presbyterian Church in the USA and the United Church of Christ. Cokesbury customers will thus be able to purchase all materials produced by the three denominations except curricula.

Abingdon Press, the United Church Press, and Westminster Press, denominational publishing houses, will continue separate operation of their book-publishing programs and publication and distribution of church-school curriculum materials.

Cokesbury presently operates six regional service centers and 19 retail bookstores, second only to the Southern Baptists who have 44 stores. Opening soon are a retail store in Nashville and Cokesbury's first catalogue store with some products for sale planned in North Canton, Ohio. Additional stores are envisioned including one in Philadelphia which will replace the Westminster Book Store operated by the United Presbyterians.

The four Westminster Book Stores in Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Los Angeles, and Elmhurst, Ill., will cease operation as such as of August 1, 1972. Since 1970 they have handled distribution of United Church of Christ materials as well as United Presbyterian materials.

Cokesbury has been shipping some United Presbyterian materials for some time, said Thomas E. Carpenter, vice-president of Cokesbury Division of MPH. In addition he noted that United Presbyterians increasingly have been using United Methodist material.

During the past two years United Presbyterians have found it increasingly difficult financially to continue their distribution operations and have explored cooperative ventures, said the Rev. James R. Gailey, general secretary of the United Presbyterian Board of Christian Education. It was evident, he said, that the retail operation of The Methodist Publishing House with its strategically located retail stores and regional service centers "would provide the best framework for such an ecumenical endeavor."



Religion major Chris Rodriguez from United Methodist-related Southwestern University in Georgetown, Texas, recently moved his "campus" to the nation's capital for three weeks. Holder of a preministerial scholarship, Chris worked in the office of Texas Sen. Lloyd Bentsen as the first student in Southwestern's new social internship program.

CURRICULUM DEFENDED; NEW EDITOR DESIGNATED

Subject to confirmation by the Board of Publication at its meeting in late March, new editor of United Methodist church-school publications will be the Rev. Ewart L. Watts of Topeka, Kans.

Dr. Watts was elected by the Board of Education at its late January annual meeting to succeed the Rev. Henry M. Bullock as general secretary of the Board of Education's Division of Curriculum Resources. The division is related to both Boards of Publication and Education, thus the required dual approval.

Dr. Watts, 56, has served seven years on the former Methodist and now United Methodist Program Curriculum Committee which determines policy and content for curriculum resources. For four years he chaired that group's subcommittee on young-adult curriculum. For the past four years he has been chairman of the adult section.

Dr. Watts is the son of the late Bishop H. Bascom Watts and Mrs. Watts of San Antonio, Texas. He has a bachelor of arts degree from Southern Methodist University, a bachelor of divinity degree from Yale University, and an honorary doctorate from McMurry College in Abilene, Texas.

Dr. Bullock announced recently that he will retire from the curriculum position to return to the pastorate.

In one of his last appearances as curriculum editor, Dr. Bullock attacked the literalistic approach to the Scriptures, saying that many atheists come from families using this approach.

The gospel is being lost, he told the United Methodist Council of Evangelism meeting, by social activists who are not motivated by love of man and God and faith in Christ, by those who cling to "five points of fundamentalism," and by those who identify the gospel with biblical knowledge or a certain type of liturgical correctness.

Among those present were members of the Forum for Scriptural Christianity, an evangelical caucus of United Methodists which publishes *Good News*. The magazine has been highly critical of curriculum resources and Dr. Bullock. He said that an effort is being made to make biblical passages more conspicuous in United Methodist curriculum, reduce difficulty of some material, and simplify teaching.

Century Club

Three women join our Together Century Club this month. One of them, Mrs. Katie Kitchen, is the widow of a Methodist minister.

Jennie Chinery, 100, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Mrs. Katie Kitchen, 102, St. Louis, Mo.

Mrs. Ara Jeanette Prahm, 104, Vandalia, Ill.

In submitting nominations for the Century Club, please include the nominee's present address, date of birth, name of the church where a member, and location of church.

Films & TV

MIDWAY through Stanley Kubrick's film *A Clockwork Orange*, a scene occurs which is both horrifically ugly and strangely lyrical. A group of toughs tyrannize a couple after breaking into their home. The leader kicks the husband repeatedly while dancing to the background music of *Singin' in the Rain*. The juxtaposing of wanton violence with insipid, cheerful music grates on the nerves in ways more disturbing than the direct violence found in such films as *Dirty Harry* or *Strawdogs*.

This is only one of many scenes of brutality and sexual exploitation in *A Clockwork Orange*, a picture that has drawn an X rating from the Motion Picture Code and Rating Administration and a condemned rating from the Roman Catholic Church. And yet, *A Clockwork Orange* has also been named by the New York critics as the year's best picture, and is a leading contender for Academy award honors in April. How is it possible for a film to be both "best" and "condemned" at the same time? The answer may lie in the manner in which the film is viewed.

In presenting his vision of a hedonistic culture, Kubrick has chosen to make his point indirectly, undercutting the most horrendous acts with touches of humor and entirely inappropriate musical background. At first glance—and hearing—this strange juxtaposing makes no sense to the viewer accustomed to the usual movie musical backgrounds that inform him when he should be frightened, or feel sentimental. Kubrick offers no such clues. Instead he assaults the viewer's senses in such fashion that the vision of hedonism cannot be assimilated through the usual rational channels. Kubrick is aware that film viewers become surfeited with violent behavior on screen as well as on television (in both fiction and newscasts). In sharing his vision that man borders on the edge of total destruction because of his loss of faith in himself (and possibly in God), Kubrick highlights man's depravity with musical accompaniment that insists that the viewer reconcile in his own mind the full significance of what he is experiencing.

It is not possible to do justice visually to the utter brutality of one man wantonly doing physical violence to another. Sam Peckinpah (*Strawdogs*) and Don Siegel (*Dirty Harry*) do their best to show explicitly what happens when a shotgun blast or single bullet tears into a human body. But Kubrick doesn't want to display clinical evidence of such behavior. He is concerned to reach into the viewer's total being and announce to him that in these moments of violence something more than physical suffering is involved. The human spirit is being reduced. His method of making this point is to present his visuals with such beauty and his music with such force and incongruity that what is actually taking place has to be contemplated at levels beneath the surface of reporting.

A Clockwork Orange is certainly one of the year's horror films if by the term can be meant a depiction of the horror of man living without any awareness of what his utter self-centeredness does to his fellowman. It is a difficult film to watch because it demands from the viewer a decision as to his own tolerance for vio-



In Stanley Kubrick's futuristic motion picture of brutality and horror, *A Clockwork Orange*, Malcolm McDowell portrays Alex, the sadistic leader of a gang living without conscience.

lence and the danger of self-destruction inherent within us all. In his earlier *Dr. Strangelove*, Kubrick employed humor (and odd musical backgrounds) to announce how close we are to the final big bomb. In *2001*, he suggested that increased technical knowledge does not bring man closer to God, but only nearer to his own destruction.

If *A Clockwork Orange* can be viewed in this manner, it presents a work of considerable power. But if it is seen merely for its surface ugliness and horror, then the viewer still will have succeeded in verifying Kubrick's thesis without receiving it.

—James M. Wall

TV HIGHLIGHTS THIS MONTH

March 22, 8:30-10 p.m., EST on NBC—*Harvey* with Helen Hayes and James Stewart on Hallmark Hall of Fame.

March 26, 4:30-5:30 p.m., EST on CBS—*Young People's Concert: Gustav Holst's The Planets*.

March 26, 7:30-8:30 p.m., EST on CBS—*Clown Around* with Ed Sullivan.

March 26, 8:30-9:30 p.m., EST on CBS—*Dick Van Dyke Meets Bill Cosby*.

March 27, 8:30 p.m., EST on ABC—*Visit to Humboldt Island*. Harry Reasoner visits his lawo hometown.

March 27, 8-9 p.m., EST on CBS—*National Geographic Special: The Lost Vikings* on Greenland and Faroe Islands.

March 27, 8:30-9 p.m., EST on ABC—*Children in Peril* studies child abuse.

March 28, 8:30-9:30 p.m., EST on ABC—*Lucy Jorvis Special: Poin!*

Where Does It Hurt Most?

March 30, 8-9 p.m., EST on ABC—*Here Comes Peter Cottontail*.

March 31, 8:30-9:30 p.m., EST on CBS—*Appointment With Destiny: The Crucifixion*.

April 3, 8-9 p.m., EST on ABC—*Plimpton! Challenging the Bojo 1,000*.

April 4, 8:30-9:30 p.m., EST on NBC—*Circus Town*.

April 10, 10 p.m.-12 midnight, EST on NBC—*The 44th Annual Academy Awards*.

April 11, 8:30-9:30 p.m., EST on NBC—*From Yellowstone to Tomorrow*. Host-narrator is George C. Scott.

April 17, 8-9 p.m., EST on ABC—*In Search of the Lost World* Civilization in the Americas before Columbus.

April 20, 10-11 p.m., EST on ABC—*Life, Death, and the American Woman*. □

Housing: A Time for Honesty

LET'S BE bluntly honest about it for a change. Housing is one subject everyone has an opinion on, and usually a very emotional one at that.

Anyone who listens to the news or the President's speeches, or reads a newspaper or magazine, should know that there is a serious housing shortage in the United States. One out of every six American housing units today is substandard (no hot running water, no bathroom, structurally unsafe, and other faults). Two thirds of this bad housing is in small towns or rural areas. Some 7.8 million families can't afford standard housing. Some of these are minority-group members. But 70 percent of the 7.8 million are white, and nearly half of these are 65 or older.

There are many reasons for the nation's housing shortage: population increasing at a higher rate than construction; prohibitive building costs; new demands for houses or apartments caused by increased marriage rates; urban renewal's destruction of more units than it builds (a net loss of 315,000 units in two decades).

If it is true that where there's a will there's a way—and our landings on the moon prove it can be true—then an important reason for the shortage of lower-income housing must be that many communities don't want it.

Some people call all local objections to such housing "racism," an unfair oversimplification of a complex problem. Some communities want no low-income housing regardless of the race of its occupants. Communities naturally are against higher taxes; overcrowded schools, hospitals, and sewer systems.

Racial tensions often are part of the problem, of course, particularly in communities between the inner city and the suburbs. While some suburbs might be willing to accept low-income housing, it more often is built in the in-between, blue-collar communities. Lutheran Pastor Arthur Simon, a New Yorker long involved in housing, says these "blue-collar Americans feel picked on and they are right." When hiring of non-whites was pushed, they lost jobs, their schools got the influx of blacks. Regarding housing, says Pastor Simon, "It is their neighborhoods that are most vulnerable, by geography and economics . . . they are expected to make democracy work while the rest of us issue pieties."

When one learns firsthand how many church and community leaders who speak in favor of lower-income and integrated housing are themselves residents of higher-income, all-white neighborhoods, one cannot dismiss the pastor's observations lightly.

Now the "battle of the suburbs," as news media call it, is underway. Communities are involved in legal, subtle—and some not so subtle—maneuvers to keep their communities just the way they are. Many suburbanites express their feelings frankly: "I fail to see what is so awful about people seeking a pleasant life, seeking to insulate themselves from social problems." And, "Most

of the inhabitants of the suburbs have had to work their way there, and they certainly deserve the right to protest any action that might degrade their neighborhood."

Why should suburbs be expected to help solve the nation's housing crisis anyway? Because suburbs now are where some 80 percent of a metropolitan area's new jobs open up, and workers need to live close to their jobs. And because for the first time in history America's suburbs are where the largest segment of our people live (76 million as compared to 59 million in urban areas and 71 million in rural areas). Economically and geographically, therefore, suburbs are most able to contribute solutions for the housing crisis.

Whether a person is a blue-collar worker or a corporation executive, whether he lives in a rural area or a suburb, he has a perfect right to decide that "I've earned the right to live here and this is my neighborhood"—unless he is a Christian. A Christian cannot take such a stance because he regards his environment as God's world, everything he has as a gift from God, and his fellowmen as his brothers.

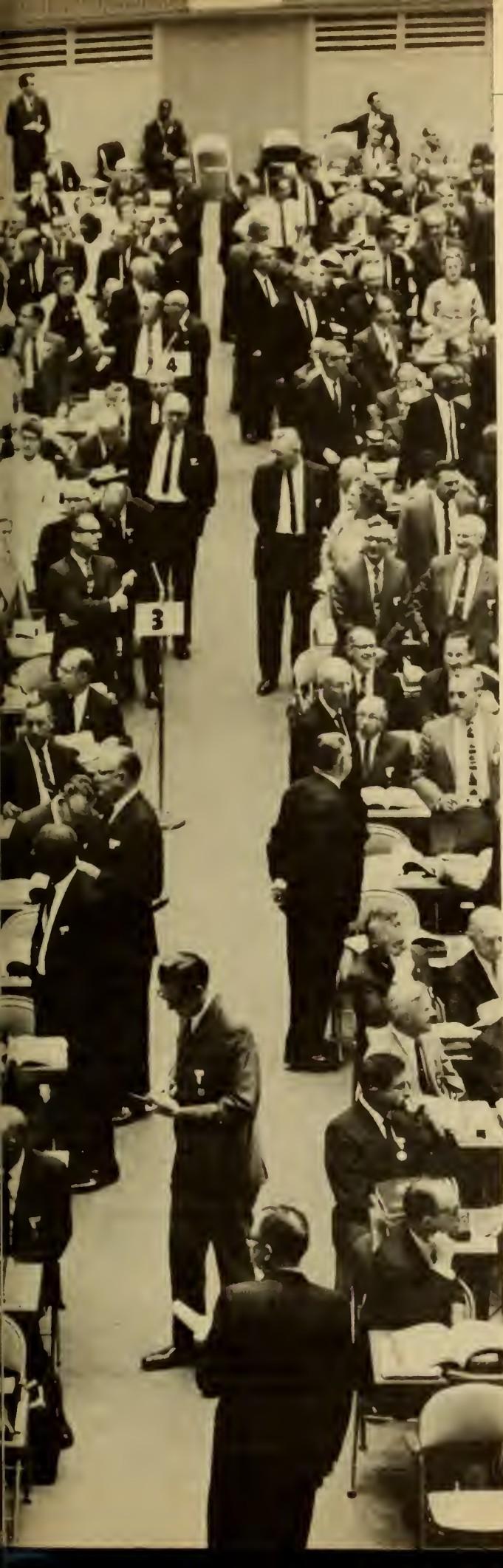
While a non-Christian's views on housing might well be based on a competitive, exclusive basis, a Christian's views must be governed by a sharing, giving attitude. He may well decide that he has to give up something very concrete—like a luxury-sized lot for one of more modest size—if his less fortunate brothers are to have a chance at a livable home. He may willingly risk the decline of his property values a bit, if necessary, so that his neighborhood may become less exclusive—more open to persons in a broad range of racial and economic groups. We dare no longer ignore God's guidelines for action:

"My brethren, show no partiality as you hold the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Lord of glory. For if a man with gold rings and in fine clothing comes into your assembly, and a poor man in shabby clothing also comes in, and you pay attention to the one who wears the fine clothing and say, 'Have a seat here, please,' while you say to the poor man, 'Stand there,' or, 'Sit at my feet,' have you not made distinctions among yourselves, and become judges with evil thoughts? . . . you have dishonored the poor man . . . if you show partiality, you commit sin . . ." (James 2:1-4, 6, 9.)

"And one of the scribes . . . asked him, 'Which commandment is the first of all?' Jesus answered, 'The first is, "Hear, O Israel: The Lord our God, the Lord is one; and you shall love the Lord your God with all your heart, and with all your soul, and with all your mind, and with all your strength." The second is this, "You shall love your neighbor as yourself."'" (Mark 12:28-31.)

When we chose to follow Christ, we became our brother's keeper. Now he needs housing. There are specific ways to help him. For more about that read *The Church and Low-Income Housing*, a special report in next month's *Together*.

—Your Editors



General Conference, 1972:

Southern Setting; Global Problems

By JOHN A. LOVELACE
Associate Editor, Together

FOR THE third time in its brief four-year history, The United Methodist Church is preparing to convene its highest legislative body.

Atlanta, Georgia, is the host city for this third General Conference of the denomination formed in 1968 in Dallas, Texas, by union of the former Methodist and Evangelical United Brethren Churches. In the interim was a 1970 special session of General Conference in St. Louis, Mo.

Beginning April 16 the 1,000 delegates will spend most of two weeks adopting legislation under which the denomination will be governed for at least the next four years. One thousand is the maximum delegation allowed under the United Methodist Constitution and the delegates must be evenly divided—500 clergy, 500 laity. This figures out to be 1 delegate for each 70 of United Methodism's approximately 35,000 ordained

ministers and 1 delegate for each 20,000 of the denomination's approximately 10 million lay members.

Just when the delegates may complete their work is unclear. Adjournment is scheduled "about April 28," according to the Commission on Entertainment and Program which helps set the agenda and schedule the conference events. But as a startled, decimated group of delegates and observers learned in St. Louis in 1970, General Conference must be adjourned any time it does not support a quorum call.

Bishop Paul Hardin, Jr., president of the Council of Bishops, offering what he termed his personal views, said the 1972 General Conference likely would discuss such issues as restructuring of general boards and agencies, dealing with unmerged but overlapping annual conferences, the Consultation on Church Union, budgetary matters, a report on the black-college fund, the quadrennial program, the social-principles report, and resolutions on many social issues.

Three leaders in the denomination's unofficial young-adult coalition foresaw things similarly. But they added, "Nonagenda items, such as the general problem of the church's response to racism, may be even more important." As an example they noted that "some friends are already working on some proposed guidelines for church investment policies."

Through the petitions process [see *Petition Rules Told for General Conference*, March, page 20], any United Methodist individual or organization may appeal to the General Conference for new or revised legislation. Legislative Committees sift these proposals for the whole body, and they are acted on as time and energy—and a quorum—allow. But, as *Together's* sister publication, the *Christian Advocate*, has noted editorially, "These decisions must be reached in the ridiculously short time of two weeks."

The General Conference secretary, California layman J. Wesley Hole, has predicted that this session will be more liberal than its predecessors. He noted that many annual conferences, which elect delegates to General Conference, are replacing veteran delegates with new and sometimes younger faces. He also noted that some annual conferences, in their election of delegates, evidenced a new ethnic consciousness.

Another veteran of the General Conference scene, Dr. J. Otis Young of the Commission on Entertainment and Program, declined to predict whether the conference this year would turn toward liberalism or conservatism. But he pointed out that there will be more women delegates than ever before, and that many of these delegates will come out of Women's Society of Christian Service backgrounds where social issues have been stressed.

An estimated 80 women will be among the 500 lay delegates. Also among the 500 will be 8 young adults. Between them these two groups—women and young adults—are expected to provide General Conference some of its stickiest challenges.

A National United Methodist Women's Caucus, organized last fall, has served notice, for example, that it

intends to have "a significant number" of observers at the Atlanta sessions. Its membership among the delegates is small. The caucus has pointed out that 54 percent of the denomination's members are women but says it "is willing to settle" for legislation which would require that 50 percent of general board and agency members be women.

The women's caucus also announced that it will seek fairer representation in church government for minority ethnic groups. On this point the aims of women and of United Methodist youth and young adults converge or at least come close. And on this point they will have company with an estimated 100 black delegates (up from 56 delegates at the 1968 General Conference), 6 Hispanic-Americans, and 6 Asian-Americans. A large number of overseas delegates also are nonwhites.

In addition to minority representation, a continuing issue is racial segregation in four remaining all-black United Methodist annual conferences. A proposal coming from the Commission on Religion and Race asks that these four annual conferences be eliminated by mid-July, 1972, through mergers with adjacent predominantly white annual conferences.

By mandate of the 1968 General Conference several study groups must report in Atlanta. Three of these reports—from the Social Principles Study Commission, the Theological Study Commission on Doctrine and Doctrinal Standards, and the Structure Study Commission—will be based on meetings, consultations, hearings, and investigations carried on periodically since 1968. In brief:

Social Principles—As its basic documents, this study commission had the Methodist Social Creed and the Evangelical United Brethren Basic Beliefs Regarding Issues and Moral Standards, documents brought into the merged church by their respective parent denominations. The commission is to bring to the 1972 General Conference "a recommendation concerning The United Methodist Church's statement of social principles."

Doctrine and Doctrinal Standards—A progress report is all that this study commission is mandated to present to the 1972 meeting, but the group has revealed that its report will consist of three parts: (1) A historical statement indicating those doctrinal guidelines which have functioned in the United Methodist heritage; (2) the *Articles of Religion* and the *Confession of Faith* from the present *Discipline*; and (3) a statement on guidelines and characteristic emphases in doctrinal standards. The commission noted that there had been disagreement among members over this section, but that there was "remarkable unity" on the authority of the Bible.

Structure—With specific authorization from the 1968 General Conference to hold hearings, this study commission has in fact met extensively and listened widely across the church. With a full-time secretariat and with occasional assistance of outside counsel, this commission has produced a 183-page report. The most substantive change it proposes is the creation of a Council on Ministries, amenable to the General Conference, to meet annually and to have power between sessions of the General Conference to establish policies and adopt regu-

From Dallas (1968) to Atlanta (1972): Funds Fall Short, Membership Drops

WHEN The United Methodist Church was organized at its first General Conference in Dallas, Texas, in 1968, more than \$164 million in general church funds were asked of the new denomination for the 1968-72 quadrennium.

More than 85 percent of this church-wide goal was accounted for in six funds or programs. At the end of the first three fiscal years—1969, 1970, and 1971—and with the rest of the 1972 calendar (fiscal) year yet to be reported, these six had raised slightly more than \$86 million. This is about \$55.7 million below the desired four-year figure for the following six areas:

World Service

To be used for religious, charitable, and educational purposes of the denomination.

Four-year goal—\$100 million

Total raised in three years—\$66,131,194

Temporary General Aid Fund

To bring salary and pension levels for black ministers closer to those of their white counterparts.

Yearly goals—\$1,034,051 for 1969

961,792 for 1970

915,466 for 1971

Three-year goal—\$2,911,309

Total raised—\$2,391,453

Fund for Reconciliation

To finance the Quadrennial Emphasis program, with one half of funds raised going to the general church program, the other half supporting projects of the annual conferences.

Goal—\$20 million for four years

Pledged or accepted by episcopal areas—
\$22,885,007

Actually pledged—\$16,522,999

Total raised in three years—approximately \$12 million

Interdenominational Cooperation Fund

Primarily for United Methodist support of National and World Councils of Churches.

Yearly goals—\$777,912 for 1969

777,685 for 1970

777,685 for 1971

Three-year goal—\$2,444,282

Total raised—\$1,824,198

Ministerial Education Fund

For ministerial recruitment and education, scholarships, and other financial assistance to min-

isterial students. (Established in 1968 to become effective in 1970.)

Yearly goals—\$8,250,689 for 1970

8,250,689 for 1971

Two-year goal—\$16,501,378

Total raised in two years—\$8,006,945

Commission on Religion and Race

By order of the 1970 General Conference Special Session in St. Louis, Mo., this commission was to have \$2 million at its disposal from the World Service budget to "support self-determination of minority people." Created by the 1968 General Conference for the 1968-72 quadrennium only, the commission in 1972 will request to be continued as a permanent agency of The United Methodist Church.

In 1971 the commission approved spending \$1,741,650 on 75 projects in 29 states and Puerto Rico.

Because these six funds failed to reach their designated goals, their respective agencies received lower amounts for operations. United Methodist Voluntary Service, for example, was to be allocated \$1.5 million from the Fund for Reconciliation. In three years it received \$1,125,000 and had expenses totaling \$1,111,829. The Quadrennial Emphasis Committee has voted to recommend that the 1972 General Conference in Atlanta, Ga., continue a voluntary service program to be funded at the rate of \$1 million per year. Since its beginning the service has enlisted 892 volunteers.

In addition to financial shortcomings this quadrennium, The United Methodist Church has had a decline in membership, church-school attendance, and in average weekly attendance at worship services. A breakdown of these categories shows:

At the end of 1968

Total membership—10,789,624

Church-school enrollment—6,251,464

Average weekly attendance—3,991,877

At the end of 1969

Total membership—10,671,774

Church-school enrollment—5,924,464

Average weekly attendance—3,853,703

At the end of 1970

Total membership—10,509,198

Church-school enrollment—5,634,662

Average weekly attendance—3,765,800

—Patricia Afzal

lations governing the missional functions and program of the general boards and agencies.

Under less direct mandates than the three study commissions are other bodies which nevertheless must report to the 1972 General Conference.

One whose report garnered some national media attention last fall when it was first released is the General Committee on Family Life. After supporting such projects as sex education and family-life programs in public schools, family planning, and avoidance of "sex stereotyping," the committee's statement called on local churches to "extend to all persons, including those of homosexual orientation, the fellowship of the church." It also called for removal of laws "which define as a crime homosexual acts privately committed by consenting adults."

There also will be a report on the structure of Methodism overseas. The general trend has been for Methodist churches outside the United States to move toward autonomy, and it is anticipated that the 1972 General Conference will grant affiliated autonomous status to United Methodists in Taiwan, Hong Kong, and the Philippines.

A final report is expected on United Methodism's 1968-72 Quadrennial Emphasis. Principal features have been an attempt to raise \$20 million for the Fund for Reconciliation; a Bible-study program first on the Sermon on the Mount, then on the teachings of Jesus; and a national voluntary service program. There is expected to be no proposal for a specific 1972-76 Quadrennial Emphasis but, in its place, an adoption of long-range goals and optional strategies offering annual conferences and local churches more voice in the program-planning process.

One specific proposal coming from the Council of Bishops will be a call for a church-wide emphasis during 1972-76 on peace and self-development of peoples. In addition to a call for cessation of hostilities in Indochina, the bishops pledge "to lead our churches and people to do their essential parts" in rehabilitation of war-torn areas.

Higher education also will be a recurring topic for General Conference.

Most ambitious will be a recommendation that the denomination help finance its 12 related black colleges with \$6 million each year for 1972-76. This comes from a 17-member commission appointed in 1968. The commission will ask that the funds be raised centrally as part of the general benevolence fund or by a percentage apportionment upon all United Methodist churches or by a combination of the two. United Methodist financial support for these schools has come primarily through the annual Race Relations Sunday offering, which has produced approximately \$500,000 annually.

Another committee has surveyed United Methodism's theological education. It has noted particularly the apparent overlap of areas and services among the 14 seminaries—12 from the former Methodist Church, 2 from the former EUB Church—and may recommend one or more mergers.

Already launched and not needing General Conference approval is a program to raise \$400 million for the 100 colleges and junior colleges related to the denomination. The fund-raising part of this program is to begin in January 1973 and extend three to five years. An alumni dinner during the Atlanta sessions is planned to introduce the program.

Predictably more newsworthy, though, will be General Conference debates on broader social issues. Local-church members and groups, general boards or agencies are expected to petition delegates to adopt legislation to:

- Endorse abolition of the Selective Service Act.
- Eliminate federal "no-knock" and wire-tap provisions.
- Establish lesser penalties for marijuana possession.
- Recognize selective conscientious objection.
- Push for a national income policy guaranteeing "adequate food, clothing, and houses."
- Assure amnesty for war resisters.
- Remove abortion regulations from criminal codes.
- Establish a universal health-care program to be financed through the social-security system.
- Work for tax laws, zoning regulations, and developmental planning consistent with social justice . . . and reflect the need for ecologically sound practices.

If those and similar issues do not raise enough debate there also will be several in-church issues which could. One seeks to form a single organization for women in The United Methodist Church, combining the Women's Society of Christian Service and the Wesleyan Service Guild. Another would call on General Conference to press for election of the denomination's first Hispanic-American bishop.

Interchurch relations will generate some discussion, too. Topics will include ongoing United Methodist participation in the Consultation on Church Union, the denomination's role in a national evangelistic effort known as Key 73, and United Methodist reaction to proposed restructuring of the National Council of Churches.

Regardless of what generates news, excitement, or even more aggressive actions, the 1972 General Conference is likely to be among the best-reported among denominational meetings. At least two tape-cassette services have been established to provide subscribers with reports on issues and decisions at Atlanta. United Methodists in Virginia and Nebraska will be able to subscribe to localized daily reports from Atlanta. The *Daily Christian Advocate* will again be produced as the official record of the conference, similar to the *Congressional Record*, and all United Methodism's general church communications media will file on-the-scene reports.

Even after the General Conference adjourns, the 1972 news-making, trend-setting season will not be over for United Methodists. During the second week of July the denomination's five Jurisdictional Conferences—Northeastern, Southeastern, South Central, North Central, and Western—will meet. They will elect 19 new bishops, almost half of the denomination's total episcopal leadership. But that, indeed, is another story! □

A Southern Churchman Looks To Atlanta

By A. MCKAY BRABHAM, JR.

In 1964, AT THE Methodist General Conference held in Pittsburgh, it appeared a vague and hopeless dream; by 1968, to some at Dallas, the dream of an unsegregated, united church by 1972 had become happy anticipation of accomplishment.

Combined with the coming of the General Conference to the Old South this year for the first time since the former Methodist Episcopal Church divided in 1844, the anticipation carried with it an air of victory.

Emory University's Dean William R. Cannon, then of Candler School of Theology but now bishop of the Raleigh (N.C.) Area, savored the future as, in 1968, he seconded the invitation to the General Conference to meet in Atlanta in 1972.

He told the delegates assembled in Dallas: "We promise to do our best to entertain you according to the high standards of hospitality and in keeping with the traditions and the custom of the Old South at her best . . .

" . . . 1972 is the date, . . . we feel fortunate that this is the date for Atlanta because it is also the target date

for ending all signs of segregation in The [United] Methodist Church. You . . . who know Georgia history realize how closely Georgia was associated with the schism of 1844. It was a Georgia bishop, [James O.] Andrew, who owned the slaves, and that was the precipitating event of this schism.

"So it is altogether fitting and proper that Atlanta should be the city where we come together to celebrate the abolition of all racial effects that grew out of that schism."

Though things are not as Bishop Cannon and others had hoped, Atlanta in 1972 will mark a victory of sorts. Not all segregation is gone from the church, but some of it is and some of the rest of it gives promise of being ended. The most recent evidence was the vote on January 27 by the two annual conferences in South Carolina to effect a merger in June of this year.

If delegates to the 1972 General Conference are coming to Atlanta to make history, they have chosen a fitting site. This city, the modern crossroads of southern airways, is also the phoenixlike symbol of the South in Ashes, becoming the example in perpetuity of the New South—said to be aborning in each generation since its proclamation by Henry W. Grady of the Atlanta Constitution in Reconstruction Days.

But if Atlanta as a focal point of United Methodism in the South is to be understood as a place, Atlanta 1972, as a point in time must be fixed in mind.

One hundred and twenty-eight years have passed since the General Conference of 1844 sundered Methodism into geographic entities; five more years will bring the centenary of the Compromise of 1877 which shackled Southern blacks and whites together in a system of misery and mutual degradation from which they are only now being delivered.

Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., was buried in Atlanta only four years ago, and little more than three years have passed since the shattering rhetoric of the Black Manifesto and the strident claims of black power pulsated out of the heart of Dixie through the ghettos of Northern cities into the chambers of church assemblies over the entire nation.

From these events there remains the question still undealt with: Does the church create and help perpetuate, in her institutional life, the kind of economic and ecclesiastical systems which do violence to human growth and dignity and bring degradation to life?

The impact of contrasting emotions will be forceful in Atlanta.

Visitors to the Cyclorama in Grant Park will experience startling realism of a war-stricken, burning city as they view the Battle of Atlanta. Standing at the graveside of Dr. King in the little park next to Ebenezer Baptist Church on Auburn Avenue, they will be stirred by other memories and hopes—hopes which were stilled by death.

Being historically and morally minded, 1972's United Methodists will surely ponder the tragedy of assassination in the 1960s. Hopefully, they will dwell also upon the significance of the My Lai of the South, 1864. In good



Dr. A. McKay Brabham, Jr. is superintendent of United Methodism's Spartanburg District in his native state, South Carolina. During a sometimes stormy decade of editing the *South Carolina Methodist Advocate*, he received numerous awards for his no-punches-pulled reporting and persistent editorial attention to controversial issues facing church and society. He will be among 18 Palmetto State delegates to the 1972 General Conference in Atlanta.—Your Editors



United Methodist Church-General Conference

Topped by Atlanta's phoenix symbol, the design for 1972 General Conference medallions includes United Methodism's cross and flame and a depiction of the John Wesley statue recently erected in Savannah.

conscience, as good children of God, they may ask: Has true repentance of the events which produced these tragedies yet been found in the hearts of Methodist people, nationwide?

In the negative answer which is evident, other questions will emerge demanding answers: Why is the always-changing South always different from the rest of the nation? Why does The United Methodist Church in the South seem so often out of step with the rest of the church?

With concern they may also ask: Is there a special contribution which circumstances have equipped this particular part of the church to make which can enrich and strengthen the larger body to which it belongs?

Dr. James W. Sells, retired after a quarter century's service as executive secretary of the nine-state Southeastern Jurisdictional Council, answers the last question affirmatively.

A Kansan by birth, Mississippian by rearing, and Southerner "by choice," he points to the progress made in the Southeastern Jurisdiction since the 1939 union of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the Methodist Protestant Church, and the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

Membership has grown from less than 2 million in 1941 to 3 million; pastoral charges numbered 7,491 in 1970 compared to 4,321 in 1941. Of money contributed to the church's work over 26 percent came from this jurisdiction in 1970.

He cites further evidence: the growth of the lay movement, spurred by laymen's conferences at Lake Junaluska, N.C.; the concept of Advance Specials as a means of gaining additional support for the missionary and church extension enterprise; the adoption by the 1970

General Conference of the Fund for Theological Education, based on experience in the Southeast; the early establishment of the ecumenical Protestant Hour Radio and Television Center in Atlanta, and the Protestant Hour Radio Network.

Pioneer work in the field of the rural church, resulting in the establishment of the Hinton Rural Life Center, has been another source of strength. Training for supply pastors, begun at Emory, has spread over the nation.

Attitudes of church leaders throughout the South are encouraging, according to the Rev. Ted B. McEachern, of Nashville. Mr. McEachern is executive director of ACTS (Association for Christian Training and Service) and is concerned with the church's work in urban areas. Among churchmen whom he meets in his constant travels in the region, he observes their "enormous openness and willingness to look at problems and take initiatives to meet them."

Black members of The United Methodist Church in the South are seen as a source of new vitality in churchmanship by Dr. Sells. Soon after he began his jurisdictional work, it became clear to him that black Methodist preachers (then in the Central Jurisdiction) were of a "different breed" from other black clergymen in the South. Many had received their education and training in the North through their relationship in and with the former Methodist Episcopal Church. Some had attended General Conferences and other national meetings outside of the South; they had been at ease with whites on an equal basis for a long time. They were capable of and willing to introduce a new factor into Southern churchmanship. In negotiations leading to conference mergers, they have proved themselves able to clarify issues in terms of justice and brotherhood.

In Mr. McEachern's view, "The black church is socially more viable than the white church. If a group of black and white ministers are asked to list a schedule of their activities for four weeks past, and to list the agencies to which they belong, for the most part the blacks will list socially active units in the midst of social ferment.

"White ministers, for the most part, will list local church committees, district committees, civic clubs, and the like. These are generally less socially viable institutions and agencies."

Southern churchmen who have looked for the solution to the nation's racial woes to be discovered in the South will be encouraged. Many have confessed amazement at the region's acceptance of changes within the past ten years, brought about by new civil-rights laws and school integration. Their amazement could increase if they become aware of how much they have been helped in this attitude of acceptance by angry black people.

"White racism" and "systemic violence" as concepts which define the human condition in the nation, like the fire bombs which often have accompanied the concepts, illuminated the South's self-consciousness with new light.

To a region which has lived with its racial guilt for a long time there was comfort to be found in the fact that in this respect, at least, it was on equal terms with the nation as a whole! Now it looks to see how the rest



The "Five Points" area is the business heart of Atlanta, about a mile from where General Conference sessions will be held.

of the nation will deal with its newly disclosed guilt for a century of complicity in an entire economic, political, and ecclesiastical system which is held responsible for the black man's current misery.

But since Southern whites and blacks view the future from the perspective of a past that is different from the rest of the nation, it is not improbable the resolution of guilt for racial sins will be sought in different ways.

In the Southern past are slave ownership, slavery, defeat in war, freedom from slavery, peonage, and shared poverty as natives of a tributary region for a century following war; political alienation and actual disfranchisement for all blacks and multitudes of whites for over 50 years; poor educational opportunities; parochial churchmanship; plus the current estimate that at present not more than 250 of 850 counties in the South are said to have enough income to sustain a "viable life system."

It is out of such a past that the church in the South

looks to the future, with eyes focused on Atlanta.

Atlanta, 1972! Will it be a celebration of victory, in shared services of repentance and forgiveness? Or will it become a byword or symbol which reminds future generations of the failure of a great church to bind up the wounds of the past and move forward?

The General Conference will have many items on its agenda when it opens in Atlanta.

Unlisted, but greater than all others is this: to unite in an act of repentance of the sins which produced slavery, segregation, economic systemic violence, and all the causes of divisions, racial and national, which have kept our church from functioning as one body in servanthood to mankind.

Then it may be that an always changing but different region, and an out-of-step part of a church, may take their places in the larger context of their life in the nation and make their contribution in terms uniquely their own. □



An open sewer masquerading as a stream is Village Creek, which cuts across Birmingham, Ala. Participants in a Greater Birmingham Ministries block partnership, led by staff man Johnny Coleman (left) and resident George Callier, got city officials to cut some overhanging branches to free part of the sluggish flow.

'Searchers and Enablers' In Alabama's Largest City

Text by **John A. Lovelace**
Pictures by **George P. Miller**

WILL THE REAL Birmingham urban minister please speak up!

Is it number one: "I hope we can make the consumer group feel better off by its own standards because of our wandering around"?

Is it number two: "The technicians are three chicks—one for each night of clinic"?

Or is it number three: "Our purpose is to help spread the Word of God and the gospel of Jesus Christ"?

Which is the real urban minister in Alabama's largest city? Answer: They all are—three men related to the Greater Birmingham Ministries (GBM), each with a strongly individualistic style, each with a specialized ministry.

And each is what the GBM executive director, the Rev. R. H. (Bill) Miles, Jr., calls "a searcher and an enabler."

Bill Miles has done some deep searching and some remarkable enabling of his own since that day in May, 1969, when GBM was organized on a make-it-if-you-can basis. It was solely a United Methodist operation then, and Bill Miles was a rising young minister moving steadily upward in the pastoral-appointments mainstream on his way, some said, to the episcopacy. But as Bill recalls it, "I felt more and more a call from God to get involved in an outreach which would supplement the local church in its ministry to metropolitan areas.

"It seemed to me that much good was being done in local churches; but, as they are now structured, they would not tend to move out into the world in any significant force alone. There was a need for a coalition of United Methodist churches and, in many situations, a coalition of churches across denominational lines to meet the needs of cities as they were developing. This was particularly true in Birmingham."

What a prophet this soft-voiced, handsome minister proved to be!

For 1972, GBM has an annual budget of \$112,000, up dramatically from the \$65,000 only a year earlier and so very far from the \$12,000 which Bill Miles and others raised in cash and pledges and literally laid on the barrelhead to get official United Methodist permission to begin operations in 1969.

The coalition is real, too. In late 1971 and early 1972 the Episcopal Diocese of Birmingham and the southern Presbyterian Church's Presbytery of Birmingham came into GBM as full partners, complete with funds. Each has placed 6 persons on GBM's board alongside the 12 United Methodists and the 16 chosen at large. Among the 40 are some of Jefferson County's most prominent citizens. Ten blacks give the board the kind of biracial searching and enabling together insisted on by Bill Miles.

Bill has no delusions about his own role. He is GBM's front man, the one who carries on relations with the sponsoring church agencies and, increasingly, with officials of individual local churches which agree to support GBM programs with manpower or with money. His staff, to a man—and to a woman!—black and white, agree that no one else could front for GBM the way Bill Miles can.

Here is an indication of what he fronts for:

Block Partnership: A neighborhood (resident) group with its own problems and its own proposed solutions teams up with a nonresident group, usually a local church, to enable residents of the economically and politically deprived area to help themselves. GBM's first block partnership, linking a lower-to-middle-class black neighborhood with a white United Methodist congregation five miles away, survived an anxious first six months' agreement. In late 1971 both partner groups enthusiastically renewed the association. By early 1972 three other block partnerships were forming, one each involving an Episcopal, Presbyterian, and United Methodist congregation. Layman Johnny Coleman, GBM's black staff member with a college degree in social work, heads Block Partnership.

Housing Resource Services of Alabama, Inc.: The search is, in fact, on for land where this GBM-spawned agency hopes to help build a model city housing



Once a week Greater Birmingham Ministries staff members meet with officers and directors who attend on a rotating basis. Executive Director Bill Miles (right) leaves it to each staffer to report on his or her area of work, and elected officials get caught in the give-and-take on how the ministries are doing.



On Birmingham's north side, the style of GBM's Johnny Coleman and the Rev. Bill Chilton (bearded) is to visit the neighborhoods. On the south side, Johnny Lynch runs the Christian Service Mission, which combines food and clothing distribution with an evangelical emphasis.

whites and blacks of low, middle, and upper incomes. Real-estate developers in the south Birmingham target area are resisting, but they have to reckon with the Rev. George W. Quiggle, Jr., GBM's mod United Methodist firebrand, and other Housing Services incorporators.

Freedom House: Operated by young adults for young adults, this is a counseling and crisis intervention center. Miles of red tape now behind, this is also Alabama's first methadone maintenance center for drug-abuse victims, a natural but hard-to-come-by outgrowth of a youth rap center. It is establishing a solid financial footing and has an impressive array of volunteer medical, legal, and office assistance. The Junior League of Birmingham,



as its gift to the City of Birmingham's centennial year in 1972, gave Freedom House \$20,000 and uncounted hours of volunteer time. The Rev. James Lowery, a quiet young southern United Methodist who "got radicalized" at United Methodist-related Birmingham-Southern College and then attended Chicago Theological Seminary, is GBM's staff link with Freedom House, now operating under its own board.

Northside Ministry: Presbyterian efforts in this changing area were the forerunner for this work in which Episcopalians and United Methodists joined even before the whole was melded into GBM. A pensive young former Episcopalian campus minister, the Rev. William P. (Bill)

Chilton, Jr., lives in the area, works out of a resplendently fading mansion giving food, clothing, and financial help, and cruises his parish in a reluctant car.

Christian Service Mission: This is a lower-Main-Street-type gospel mission located with strange effectiveness in a changing neighborhood some miles from the business district. The mission, like the Northside Ministry, occupies what was a fine old two-story home. It, too, provides food and clothing. But a former truck driver, Johnny Lynch, sees to it as mission director that salvation talk is not overlooked. The mission's motto: "Seeking the least, the last, the lost—Christ our creed, love our law."

THAT'S a capsule view of urban ministry in Birmingham, the steel city of the South, where primary metal industries are steadily losing employment. But even as the steel collar slips away, the white collar of banking, insurance, and education replaces it.

A weekly Dutch-treat staff luncheon, joined by board members on a rotating basis, keeps GBM coordinated. Long ago staff members learned that candor beats circumvention for good staff relations any old day, and board members have to take their place on the firing line—sending and receiving.

Once the coordinating luncheon is over, the staff scatters to its posts—Bill Chilton to the north, Johnny Lynch to the south, Johnny Coleman wherever there is an operating or potential block partnership. At headquarters the three United Methodist ministers—Miles, Quiggle, and Lowery—stay just long enough for strategy meetings or to pick up portfolios for their work outside. Dick Perkins, the young (that word comes up often) United Methodist layman who gave up a promising business future to join GBM, maps strategy for getting and staying in touch with the city's political and financial powers. At the center of the maelstrom is executive assistant Jill Hoogstra, an attractive United Methodist, who almost buries herself behind hastily jotted notes pinned, taped, or tacked in any handy open space, reminding her or someone else of everything from "get a haircut" to "call the mayor."

The mood is deadly serious, though, when GBM staffers get out on location. The East Birmingham area "resident" partner group in the block partnership with Grace United Methodist Church is a good example.

George W. Callier is chairman of the resident partner group. A deacon in 46th Street Baptist Church and clerk with the Birmingham-Southern Railway, he has lived with his family in the same modest home for 17 years. He figures his house is worth maybe \$10,000, probably above average for the 1,000 homes in the area.

Why so low? Two doors from George Callier's place, blocked from view by a levee, is Village Creek, an open sewer masquerading as a stream. It winds across Birmingham, but whites live above or beyond it while blacks live next to it. But even when Village Creek stays within its bounds, George Callier and his neighbors drown in the sound of jets taking off from the Birmingham airport. The end of one runway is only a few hundred yards from George Callier's house. Or, when the jets are quiet, there is always Interstate Highway 59 slicing through the area or a freight train crawling along tracks in the middle of one residential street, and air pollution from nearby industries.

Gesturing out the car window as he drove his visitors through the area, George Callier credited the block partnership with enabling his neighborhood to circulate petitions to force a fertilizer plant to reduce its pollution. Block partners from Grace Church also helped east siders get the city to remove some overhanging branches from Village Creek, thus encouraging the sluggish flow to speed up, and helped get two buses added daily to the vital public transportation route.

GBM's George Quiggle says the block partnership program is backing off an emphasis on merely accomplishing tasks, valuable though they may be, and is pulling both groups' sensitivity and credibility along, too. "If the East Birmingham area now has confidence to develop its own goals and a will to accomplish them, maybe that's all we could expect," he adds.

Freedom House is far across town from East Birmingham. It also shows GBM in a different role, supportive rather than closely tied, and it has a different clientele: predominantly white youth as compared with east Birmingham's middle-aged blacks, drug culture as against family-tied wage earners.

An advisory board from all over Birmingham set up Freedom House in October, 1970, with help from GBM, still then very much in its own infancy. GBM provided and continues to provide, through James Lowery, a young adult minister who is something of a staff chaplain to Freedom House.

Freedom House's free medical clinic, staffed three nights a week by volunteer physicians and nurses, handles more than 200 cases per month, ranging from drug detoxification to dispensing birth-control pills to treating colds. Volunteer lawyers help on bail bonds and on cases of racial injustice. A job-placement service finds work for those who seek it, and a referral service enables Freedom House to find temporary housing for runaways.

An intricate system of report forms allows Freedom House to keep constant check on the most minute services: call-ins, drop-ins, medical treatments, "with it" attitudes of volunteer helpers. A stringent new set of paper-work requirements confronted Freedom House in the methadone maintenance program, but the Junior League's \$20,000 for staff salaries and the league's guaranteed volunteer support put GBM-related Freedom House firmly on the track for 1972.

NOT EVERYONE, and perhaps no one, is satisfied with the pace of GBM's development. One board member not satisfied is the Rev. Charles Hutchinson, pastor of influential St. Paul United Methodist Church two vacant lots away from the Sixth Avenue Baptist Church where four black girls were killed in 1963 when a bomb exploded in their Sunday-school room.

'Mr. Hutchinson punches his desk with his index finger and pounds his desk occasionally as he expresses his impatience with life in general and with Birmingham-style justice in particular. "Brutality against blacks is more subtle than it used to be," he figures. "Some whites say there is no police brutality, but we know!" Pound! Pound! Pound!

The black minister allows that GBM "can be—note that I said can be—a place to get down to business about what it means to live together in a great city like Birmingham, where we can stop shuckin' and jivin'." He





A motorcycle gets GBM's George Quiggle around town quickly and inexpensively and helps build his reputation as the staff's mod minister. When someone has to take the floor to tell GBM's story, however, the call usually goes to the Rev. Bill Miles, shown above doing a successful sales job on the city's Episcopal clergy. In the lower picture at left, Bill accepts a telephone call during a meeting of the finance committee, one of the several groups he works as GBM's "front man."

points out that United Methodist Bishop Roy Nichols, black leader of the Pittsburgh Area, has said that the model for the nation ought to come from Birmingham. Mr. Hutchinson agrees and adds, "All cities have problems, but I'm not living in all cities. I'm living *here!* And until we deal with reconciliation, we are headed for genocide for the blacks and suicide for the whites."

He gets no argument from Bill Miles. Their styles are almost as different as their colors, but their aims are the same. "If we can devise a way for blacks to articulate their pain, we are going to change some minds—not all, but some," Bill predicts.

Bill describes his own priority as an effort to get more local congregations involved outside their neighborhoods. His hopes are especially high for one United Methodist church, surrounded by black residents and an urban-renewal area. "Not long ago the ushers were locking the doors rather than risk admitting blacks. Now the

congregation is considering establishing an integrated day-care center."

Bill also appreciates the importance of GBM as a possible model for United Methodist or, better, for ecumenical urban ministries across the Southeast. A meeting in early February in Atlanta enabled United Methodism's Southeastern Jurisdiction officials to compare notes on urban ministry.

One gets the impression that whatever "greater Birmingham" there may be ahead, a certain organization with those two words in its name will have a lot to say and do with the end result. At Greater Birmingham Ministries, the searching and enabling go on and on.

Oh, yes. About the real identities of those three "searchers and enablers" on page 30:

Urban minister number one: The Rev. Bill Chilton.

Urban minister number two: The Rev. James Lowery.

Urban minister number three: Johnny Lynch. □

Missionary To Myself

By BARBARA DODDS STANFORD

GOD AND I had always agreed about the plans for my life. Even before I entered kindergarten, I was certain that I was called to be a missionary—probably to South America. So I was frustrated and discouraged when during my last year of college everything seemed to go wrong.

My denominational board was no longer sending unmarried women to Latin America—and there seemed to be no prospect that the Lord would provide the prerequisites for service there. Next I decided to apply to the Peace Corps, but I was promptly rejected because of a rather minor case of asthma.

Then I read about a special program to train teachers for East Africa. I fitted the qualifications exactly. Certain that this was the perfect vocational choice, I filled out the application without even bothering to spend any time in prayer. It was not until I had the application ready to mail that I became aware of that inner empty feeling telling me that I was not in tune with the Holy Spirit.

There remained one step on the application. I had to be fingerprinted, and the police station was all the way across campus. I started out, walking rapidly. How could it not be the will of God for me to go to Africa? Every clue that I had learned in Sunday school for determining the will of God pointed in that direction. But somehow I knew that inner voice was more powerful. At last my feet stopped. I could not mail the application.

When I went home for Easter vacation, I was annoyed that my mother, who usually was understanding and helpful in my spiritual crises, could not understand my desire to go to Africa.

"There are plenty of people who need good Christian teachers right here. If you want a challenging job, you don't need to go across the ocean to find it. Right across the river in St. Louis is all the challenge you will ever need."

Mainly to quiet her nagging, and for a little adventure, I made an appointment with the school personnel office in St. Louis. Determined to sabotage the interview, I wore sloppy clothes and did everything wrong.

"Would you be willing to teach in an integrated school?" the personnel director at one point asked.

"Of course," I replied, self-righteously. "I wouldn't think of teaching in any other kind." With amazing eagerness, he picked up the telephone and arranged an interview with a high-school principal.

Vashon High School turned out to be a large six-story factory building. It did not look like a school, and it did not look very integrated. Suddenly I understood the glint in the personnel director's eye: the school became integrated when I walked through the door.

It was strange to be totally surrounded by black people. My eyes did not seem to work quite right. The old clues my parents and church had taught me about how to judge people and how to decide whom I did and did not want to associate with did not seem to work.

On the second floor I met a large elderly woman wearing a housedress. I assumed she was a janitress, but she was nice and offered to show me around. Soon I realized that she knew too much to be a janitress. "I'm the head of the English department," she told me. I eventually learned that Mrs. Richie had received her master's degree from Columbia University and is one of the most intelligent and best educated people in the teaching profession. When she introduced me to the principal, I could not tell whether he was white or Negro. I could not concentrate on the interview for wondering. Finally, when he mentioned the black school he had attended, I was able to categorize him properly. Even then, however, it dawned on me that I was a lot more race conscious than I had ever admitted to myself.

A plaque on the principal's desk caught my attention: "It's more important to be human than to be important." I don't remember the rest of the interview, except that as I left his office, I heard the principal say, "She won't be back." All the way back to campus those two phrases kept going through my head: "She won't be back." . . . "It's more important to be human than to be important."

But I couldn't teach at Vashon! How dull and unglamorous! I could imagine our five-year class reunion: "Barbara? Oh, yes. She couldn't come. She's a missionary to Africa. Isn't that wonderful! What a great sacrifice." Or: "Barbara? Oh, she was probably ashamed to come. She's teaching English in some dinky little school in St. Louis. Probably couldn't get a job anywhere else—and she thought she was so smart in high school!"

It was not a very pretty picture, but it was true. My interest in Africa and foreign missions was not really a concern about anyone's soul so much as it was a concern about my own reputation. And that was only the first of the ugly revelations about myself that I would face.

My motives were not all bad. I still wanted to help my students overcome academic and personal problems, and hopefully to show them the importance of the Christian faith. But the first day I was at Vashon I realized I was going to have to learn a lot before I could minister to anyone. In the first place, I could not understand my students' language. If a class was "boss," did that mean it was good or bad? If a boy called me "mellow," should I blush or send him to the office?

Soon I was not sure I had much to offer these kids at all. How could I expect a student to study grammar when he had to work from four o'clock to midnight every day as the sole support of his family? How could I ask a girl



"You were scared silly the first day of class." Tommie Jones loved to rub that in.

to go home and read *Seventeenth Summer* when she had to take care of her own baby and three brothers and sisters—and she only 15? I began to feel weak and childish in front of these strong men and women.

For the first time in my life I was confronted by people who not only did not believe in the Christian faith but who had been deeply hurt by people who called themselves Christian. When I tried to talk about Christian beliefs, I met open ridicule from a few, but more disturbing was the sympathetic, almost pitying attitude most took: "You are really suffering from delusions about this world, Baby. And the thing is, it's making you miss out on so much fun."

But words were not what disturbed me most. What

kind of Christian witness could I make when I could not even invite my new black friends to my church—because I knew they would not be welcomed? Instead of being a representative of the faith that set men free, I began to feel that I represented the religion of the white boys who had beaten up Don and chased him out of the swimming pool, of the policeman who had told Darlene, "You niggers go ahead and kill each other, and don't call us until there are some bodies to haul off."

Even more painful was the discovery that I myself was contaminated by prejudices I had never dreamed I possessed. Knowing all they had suffered at the hands of people who called themselves Christian, I was surprised at the depth of faith of some of my fellow teachers. My

department head, whom I had earlier misjudged so badly, was my constant source of inspiration for both educational and spiritual development. Often I would go to her almost in tears, and she would put her arm around me and tell me about her struggles of faith, or explain the background of a child I could not understand.

Others taught me through harshness and brutal honesty. "You were scared silly the first day of class." Tommie Jones loved to rub that in. Tommie was one of my most important teachers that first year. A member of my eighth-period class, he stayed after school every day to laugh at me and tell me what I had done wrong. It was a long catalog. "Don't call anyone 'Boy.' Black people are tired of white people not recognizing that they are grown up. And don't be so soft. The kids all think that they can run over you."

The softness did not last. I had always prided myself on being gentle and even tempered, but I soon found myself reacting to the strains of teaching with sarcasm and vengeful punishments. I was horrified to find that my students responded better. I realized that they did not just live by the law of the jungle. While they frequently did use cruelty, threats, and sarcasm to defend themselves against each other, there was also within them a strong positive force I was unfamiliar with.

I began to understand it better when I attended a party at one student's home in "the projects," notorious government-built apartment buildings where even police and firemen were afraid to go.

There were nine children in the family and the father was unemployed. At first I was somewhat frightened by the loud music and exuberant dancing, but as I became accustomed to the atmosphere, I was enveloped in the warmth and love that radiated from everyone. In my world these people never would have mixed in a social gathering—white and blacks, teachers and students, parents and children, all enjoying each other with no distinction. But still I was troubled. How could a family live happily in such a terrible building? How could children love a father who could not support them?

How could 11 people live together in a five-room apartment? But they did! And gradually I realized that the hardships they lived under helped give their love the strength it had.

The strength my students had which enabled them to live in this world of cruelty and oppression was unconditional love. It is the kind of love which continues whether the loved one lives up to your expectations or not. This kind of love was new to me and I was afraid of it. I had to admit I had never really been in love—and I wasn't sure I had ever loved anyone with love that strong. I had always felt that the man I would marry would have to fit my and my parents' standards of education, religion, and social class. Now I was beginning to realize that *unconditional* love has to be willing to accept imperfection.

My association with black people also helped me understand and accept myself. I had been afraid of men and had a poor concept of myself. My white friends often had tried to help me overcome my shyness, but they were afraid to risk our friendship by suggesting ways to change my appearance. My new black friends were willing to share themselves by inviting me to their parties, making subtle suggestions about my clothes, and lavishing compliments on me when I improved.

They also showed me that love was worth taking risks for. I wanted love, but I was looking for a man I would not have to take any chances on, a man with a good job, a good reputation, a good religious background. But I saw from my black friends that love is worth risking a lot for.

During my third year of teaching, I had my first contact with the Black Muslims. I had read a lot about the sect and had heard that they taught that the white man was a devil and would be destroyed. Needless to say, I was nervous to know that at least one of my students believed I was a devil. But his behavior surprised me. Not only was he one of the neatest, most conscientious students but he also often demonstrated a genuine concern for me.

I was disturbed. As a Christian I had been taught that all men are brothers, but I had been very disillusioned when I saw the reaction of ladies in my church when I took some little black children to Sunday school. If, as Christ said, "By their fruits ye shall know them," my young Black Muslim student was a better Christian than these women.

The appearance of Black Muslims in the class was only one of several signs that things were changing at the school. It was also the beginning of other revelations for me. I had been quite proud at how well I had gotten along. Now I began to discover why. I was one of only a few white teachers, and I had been treated as a fragile pet. And I had been too unaware to realize it.

I had felt lucky that I had been assigned a room of my own my first year of teaching. It was several years later before I noticed that all new white teachers got rooms of their own while black teachers who had been there several years often had to share rooms. I had thought the assistance I received with discipline problems was routine, but in conversations with black teachers I began to realize that they were expected to handle their own problems.

The day after the murder of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., I first learned the depths of hurt which most blacks had suffered from whites. With a new honesty one of my fellow teachers admitted, "I didn't want to come today. I didn't know if I could stand the sight of a white face."

I was deeply hurt, but my eyes were opened. I began to see the daily injustice in the school system which my fellow teachers suffered under. I saw the psychological pain of my students, always studying about the accomplishments of white people and the ridicule of blacks which appeared in most of their textbooks. And as I watched the "natural" hairdos and dashikis begin to appear, I saw the determination of my students to free themselves from the damages done by people who had tried to teach them that God did not create all men in his own image.

Eventually the cry for black studies became a cry for black teachers. In class one day one of the militant leaders confronted me with their desire to get rid of all white teachers. By this time I was forced to admit that he was right: no white teacher could really understand the sufferings of black people, and I knew that I was not strong enough to take their sufferings upon myself.

After six years at a "seminary" where I learned more than I ever could have learned in a university course, I am returning to my own race, to teach in a predominantly white high school. After six years of having Vashon High School serve as a missionary to me, I hope I can carry a little of its message to others. □

Wesley, the Evangelist

By ALBERT C. OUTLER

IT IS ONE of the more intriguing ironies of history that if John Wesley had died at any time before his 36th birthday (June 17, 1739—a full 12 months after Aldersgate), his name would not rate a footnote in history.

Consider his situation in the spring of 1739. He had been elected to a prestigious fellowship in Oxford with an ample stipend and few regular duties, but he had decided against returning to Oxford after the fiasco of his missionary venture in Georgia. For he had failed as a teacher and had earned a reputation for "being a little crackbrained."

He had been leader of a religious society in Oxford, another such society in Georgia, still a third in London—with no visible or lasting effects in any of them. He had hammered out the substance of a sound theology that would stand stable all his life—and had published it in a little theological manifesto (1738) that had stirred no ripples, as yet. A bold critic of the Establishment, he had few political instincts and no power base.

He was an evangelical, all right—orthodox in doctrine, zealous in personal faith, self-righteous and overweening—but with next to nothing to show for 36 full years of high-minded diligence. How many of us would have hung in there so long with such a meager harvest? Wesley might not have either if it had not been for his income from his Lincoln College fellowship.

And yet, a decade later, this little man had emerged at the head of the most effective mass movement in 18th-century England—a great upwelling of Christian faith and of social reform as well. He had finally pulled out of the [Moravian] society in Fetter Lane and had founded yet another one, this time his very own. He had formed his lay preachers into an "Annual Conference"—concerned chiefly with doctrine and morale!—and had become the chief theological tutor to the Methodist people (with a constant flow of sermons, hymns, and tracts for their study and edification). He had shaken the Establishment to its foundations without a single contestation—and had found new ways to channel and conserve immense spiritual forces being unleashed in the Revival.

Don't ask me for a manipulative formula for this success—and don't take Wesley for your model, whatever your other current ambitions. He was an obsessive-compulsive neurotic all his life and his religion never really cured his neurosis. He had an authoritarian temper—all too often imitated, without comparable results. Aldersgate had warmed his heart but had not taught him how to communicate the gospel or how to guide



Dr. Albert C. Outler is professor of historical theology at Perkins School of Theology, Dallas. This article, first of four, is drawn from *Evangelism in the Wesleyan Spirit*, a *Tidings* paperback reprint of lectures delivered at the 1971 United Methodist Conference on Evangelism.

men into holiness. What, then, are we to make of this strange, late-blooming, heralding of Christ—this unprogrammed outpouring of the Holy Spirit?

There is a mystery here that I don't pretend to understand—but there are also some important aspects of this transformation from barren to fruit-bearing evangelism that can be analyzed and that might be relevant to our current concerns.

The first of these was Wesley's conversion from passion to compassion as his dominant emotion, his change from a harsh zealot of God's judgment to a winsome witness to God's grace, from a censorious critic to an effective pastor, from arrogance to humility.

Wesley became an effective evangelist when he was finally enabled, by grace, to offer himself to his hearers as an importunate herald and servant of God—rather than flinging the gospel at them like a soteriological brickbat.

Another aspect of Wesley's newfound success was his

firm conviction that conversion is never more than the bare threshold of authentic and comprehensive evangelism. Most of his hearers were already church members of one sort or another. What they needed was new depth and dimension in their nominal Christian professions. Sometimes, this meant "preaching Christ" in judgment on their self-righteousness. Sometimes, it meant "preaching Christ" in mercy on their despair. But always, "preaching Christ" was aimed beyond confession and conversion toward the fullness of faith and the endless maturing of life in grace. "Follow the blow," said he, "never encourage the devil by snatching souls from him that you cannot nurture." "Converts without nurture are like still-born babies." Thus, the evangelist accepted a continued responsibility for his converts' growth in grace; thus, sanctification became the goal and end of all valid evangelistic endeavor (and this implies a lifelong process).

Now, how did profession of faith and enrollment in the church's membership—i.e., nominal Christianity!—ever come to be an end in itself in our own conventional notions of evangelism? It never was for Wesley. Obviously, conversions, professions, enrollment, attendance, financial support are all urgent and important aspects of any truly fruitful evangelism. But how did we drift into the absurd situation where "evangelism" is associated almost exclusively with the initial stages of Christian existence, "Christian education" with its ongoing processes, "missions" with its global outreach and "Christian social concerns" with its impact on the world—all these with different theological attitudes and often with competing claims on the church's fealty and support? Wesley had a horror of men who professed themselves Christian but who could not communicate their faith through the witness of their words and lives—that is to say, church members who are not living witnesses to Christ in the service of their brethren.

For Wesley, the scope of evangelism was never less than the fullness of Christian experience—"holiness of heart, and a life conformable to the same"—and he never faltered in this insistence, even when his societies began to bulge and Methodism began to be respectable.

There is still another aspect of Wesley's evangelistic program that very much needs emphasis—especially because it was so largely lost sight of by later generations of Methodists in America. For Wesley, the essence of faith was personal and inward, but the evidence of faith was public and social. "It is expected of all those who continue in these Societies that they shall continue to evidence their desire of salvation—first, by doing no harm, such as . . . ; second, by doing all the good they can, such as . . . ; and third, by attending upon all the ordinances of God, such as . . ." (I'd be interested to know how many of you instantly recognized this citation from the General Rules which have always stood in our *Discipline* and which our pastors were supposed to read and expound annually in the congregations—until the General Conference of 1968 dropped that requirement in a fit of absentmindedness.)

My point is that evangelism must issue in visible social effects or else its fruits will fade and wither. Christian proclamation must take on visible form and the Christian community must be committed to social reform, or else it will stultify our Lord's prayer that God's righteous

will shall be done on earth—here and now, in justice and love and peace—as always it is being done in heaven. Outward witness in daily living is the necessary confirmation of any inward experience of inward faith. The Word made audible must become the Word made visible, if men's lives are ever to be touched by the "Word made flesh."

With this end in view, Wesley gathered his converts into societies—and related them to the sacraments of the church, on the one hand, and to a process of Christian discipline and shared "life in the Spirit," on the other. Out of this process he raised up a growing company of lay witnesses for Christ. This was not a stage beyond evangelism. It was, rather, the evangelistic enterprise itself in its natural unfolding; for Wesley understood, as we seem to have forgotten, that it is the *Word made visible* in the lives of practicing, witnessing lay Christians that constitutes the church's most powerful evangelistic influence.

In one sense of the word, Mr. Wesley was the Methodist Revival incarnate in one man—he was the personal autocrat of "those in connexion with Mr. Wesley." But in a far profounder sense, it was the Methodist laymen who made Mr. Wesley's evangelistic career the success that it was. There were other evangelists in the 18th century and some of them (like George Whitefield) had more converts to their personal credit. But John Wesley had somehow grasped the secret of the *Word made social*, and of the faith that works by love not only in the heart but in the world as well. And this, as we can see in his case, makes the crucial difference between a sort of "evangelism" that scores repeated triumphs that pass and fade and an evangelical reform movement that leaves a permanent deposit in church and world.

For Wesley organized his converts into societies, with rules and rituals, with programs of self-directed nurture and with a lay leadership that was locally responsible, along with and often in spite of his overall autocratic supervision. Generally speaking—and this is my main point here—he left the local societies largely on their own. For the greater part of any given year, it was the Methodist laymen who were the most visible exemplars of evangelical Christianity in any given local community; they were the actual sponsors of the Revival, the real martyrs for Christ at the grass-roots level.

Thousands of men and women who may never have heard Wesley preach (or only on rare occasions) were attracted to the Christian life and were actually evangelized (converted, born again, nurtured, and matured) by the outreaching and ingathering influence of the local Methodist people. It was not only their preaching that made its impact in the world but also their lives—on the job, in the marketplace, in their redemptive involvement in the social agonies of their times. And no matter what stage a convert's Christian experience might have reached, his life in the Society and class meetings was always aimed at the way beyond, and he could count on guidance and help along that way—all the way to "perfection in love in this life."

Early Methodism was a lay-witness movement with all the crudities and excesses that go with such things. But Wesley had come to realize (against all his clerical instincts) that it is the laity who are the church visible.

God's good news is proclaimed in words and symbols,



John Wesley, here shown preaching atop his father's grave, failed as a teacher, had few political instincts, no power base. Then an "unprogrammed outpouring of the Holy Spirit" changed everything.

it is celebrated in liturgies and rituals, but it is communicated by corporate life and example. In this mysterious transaction, the ordained and representative clergy have a crucial role, in Word and sacrament and order, in sacral and pastoral leadership and enablement. They, too, are evangelists, of course, but the church's evangelistic mission is still, first and last, a lay enterprise: God's love lived out in the daily round—in the *saeculum*—God's imperatives to justice and human dignity translated into service and self-denying love.

Wesley was not a conscious rebel against [English] society as such and so never set himself to overturn it directly. But he had an uncommon confidence in the common man, and he was also careful to keep his preachers constantly on the move so that local Methodists rarely took their self-images from any individual preacher, not even Mr. Wesley. From Methodist preaching, men and women heard about God's high evaluation of their own human dignity—of the love that motivated the Incarnation and accepted the cross. And then, in the weekly rounds of the Methodist societies, they experienced this special dignity in newly personal circumstances, new experiences of peer-group equality—with real group involvement and actual social responsibility.

What happened, as we can now see in retrospect, was revolutionary in actual fact and consequence. Such men and women found themselves sloughing off their shackles of servility, and becoming the available leadership cadre for one of the most effective, least disruptive

social revolutions on record. They emerged as a new class—men and women with a new dignity conferred on them, not by birth or wealth or power, but by God and their Christian brethren. And this gave economic and political muscle for a whole succession of significant social reforms (the trades union movement, prison reform, the abolition of slavery, *et cetera, et cetera*). Halevy's famous comment that Methodism saved England from the French Revolution missed the point almost altogether. What the Revival did was to sponsor a very different kind of revolution—an actual transformation of social morals and manners . . .

Wesley's program as an evangelist combined an evangelical view of Christian existence (the vertical dimension of God's sovereign grace in Christ) with a catholic understanding of Christian nurture and maturation (a real and relative righteousness that looks toward perfection in love in this life, that excludes all human utopias and *perfection-isms*). He wanted to prepare men and women for the daily triumphs of grace but always within a corporate matrix of disciplined fellowship. He knew—as we keep forgetting—that men shall not live by bread alone nor yet without bread; not by violence but also not in servility and destitution; not by institutional self-maintenance nor yet without institutions. He had discovered—as we must rediscover—that evangelism barely begins with conversion and a profession of faith, that it must always lead beyond to a lifelong mission of witness and service in the world for which Christ died. □

The Robert Bevier Family: Never Too Busy . . .

Pictures by George P. Miller / Text by H. B. Teeter

DID MY HUSBAND tell you I am six months older than he?" asked Mrs. Robert Bevier of Troy, Mich.

"No," replied our interviewer.

"Well, every time I have a birthday he's sure to ask me how it feels to be married to a younger man. But six months later, when he becomes my age, he doesn't mention it."

That's the way it goes with Bob and Jo Bevier and their four children, a fun-loving, close, and very busy family. Mrs. Bevier—suntanned from a recent Florida vacation—is an energetic woman with a pleasant laugh and an outgoing personality. Her husband shares her tan, energy, humor, and friendliness, plus he has his own sometimes uninhibited personality.

It was Bob Bevier who stood up in the stadium at Michigan State University one day last June to whistle and cheer, in the presence of thousands, as his daughter Cynthia marched to receive her diploma.

"I knew it was Daddy the instant I heard that whistle," says Cynthia.

Bob also whistles—more quietly, however—when he makes his rounds as a debit insurance agent in the Royal Oak community near Troy. He says he whistles to help residents identify him before they come to the door.

Insurance man, Christmas-tree farmer, union negotiator for other agents, volunteer fireman, Scout leader, youth counselor, church and civic leader—you name it. That's Bob Bevier, a breezy extrovert whose drive and interest in others keep him moving at an amazing pace. People who know him tend to smile when he says he

looks forward to early retirement so that he can devote "full time" to the care of thousands of Christmas trees on his 85-acre farm some 165 miles away.

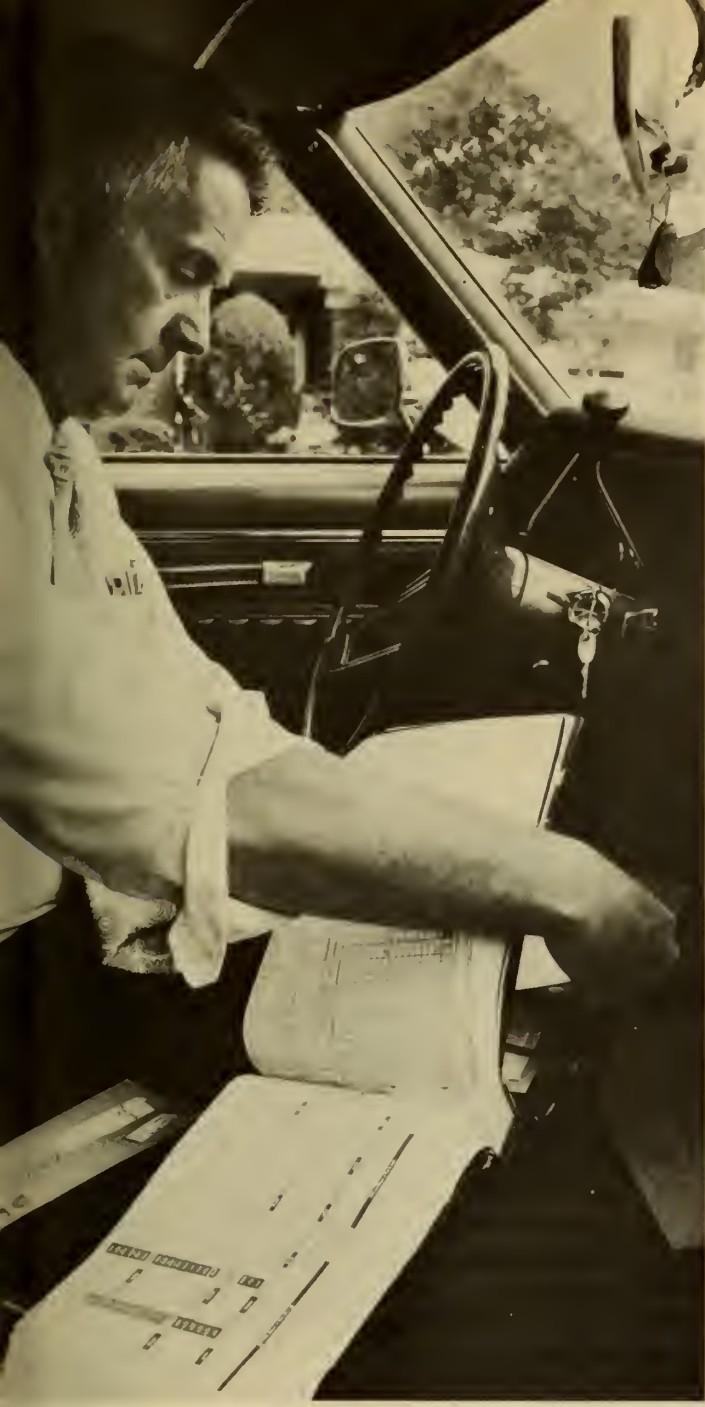
As everyone around Troy knows, Bob Bevier probably never will have time to devote "full time" to any one thing. He apparently has the time, however, to do anything worthwhile that anyone asks him to do—plus whatever unheard of thing he decides to do for himself.

Take his swimming pool for example. Twelve years ago, when he decided to build it, he knew practically nothing about swimming pools. But he reasoned the first thing to do would be to take a pick and shovel and start digging. Then he borrowed a small tractor, equipped with scoop, from his father-in-law. When the tractor kept getting mired in clay, he moved it to the edge of the excavation, took up pick and shovel again, and painstakingly removed the soil layer by layer, loading dirt into the scoop. When rain came to fill the hole with muddy water, the Bevier family—father, mother, son, and daughters—moved in to bail it out.

It is doubtful, however, that the Beviers would have time to build a swimming pool today. They have become increasingly busy with other things. A few clippings from the family scrapbook tell the story:

TROY GIRL ENDS TOUR WITH 'UP WITH PEOPLE' reads the headline over one clipping. It tells how daughter Debbie, then 16, joined the group before she was graduated from high school, traveled extensively with the show based on the theme of moral rearmament, completed her studies by correspondence and the help of tutors. Also mentioned is the fact that Debbie, at 13, organized a carnival to raise funds in the fight against muscular dystrophy.

PRUDENTIAL CITES CIVIC WORKER is another headline over a story about Bob Bevier being honored for outstanding contributions to civic groups in his community. Mentioned are his roles as chairman of the Youth Assistance Committee, as a Big Brother, chairman of the Volunteer Firemen's standing committee, 4-H instructor, library trustee, chairman of the Boy Scout troop, vice-president and board member of the Troy Rotary Club. Also mentioned is the role both Bob and



"You can always find the time to do the things you really want to do," Bob Bevier answers when asked how he fits such varied business, church, and civic activities into his daily work schedule. As an insurance man, his main territory is in a neighboring community, but back home (upper right) he takes time out to make a practice run with the Troy Fire Department. At right, he arrives an hour late with a sack lunch for his wife, Jo, who is working as a school board election official. She is chairman of her precinct.



Jo Bevier have assumed in a rehabilitation program for young law violators.

Among numerous pictures in the scrapbook: Jo as "Cook of the Week" preparing "grandma's noodles," a favorite family dish; Bob as chairman of the community's annual celebration known as "Troy Daze"; Jo as president of the Friends of the Troy Public Library group, working out plans for a new adult-education course, as participant in a drug-abuse program, receiving honors as a volunteer 4-H leader, and as Troy's first Girl Scout area chairman. There's even an invitation to attend the inauguration of Richard M. Nixon as President of the United States. (They didn't attend.)

Among other clippings is one about Robert Bevier, Jr. and his plans to make a European trip in the summer between his junior and senior years in high school.

"Bob doesn't know we have cancelled his return trip," his father jokes.

All this, however, is only part of the Bevier story.

"They are truly a blessing to this congregation," says the Rev. Alfred T. Bamsey, pastor of Troy's First United Methodist Church. Bob has held "almost every job the church has to offer except pastor," and is described by Mr. Bamsey as a "natural leader who can be smooth, businesslike, or humorous as the occasion demands." Mrs. Bevier taught in the church school, served two years as president of the Women's Society of Christian Service.

Writes a friend, Mrs. Norman Hughes, of Troy: "I think it is unusual for a family to *all* be so involved in the life of their church and still have the magic something that propels them to do more than their share and still feel that it isn't enough—especially if there is an unfulfilled need for youngsters."

Mrs. Hughes has put her finger on perhaps the most remarkable trait of the Beviers—the ability to relate to young people, beginning first with their own.

"They are unbelievably understanding," says daughter Cynthia who adds that her parents offer responsibility and trust without being overpermissive. Prior to her graduation from Michigan State last June, Cynthia was permitted to spend a summer abroad, earning her way as a nursemaid for an English family. After three years of college she worked in a Volunteers in Service to America (VISTA) center at Salt Lake City where she taught adults to read. She is married to Mark Seeley, whom she met while he also was working with VISTA.

Then there's Debbie whose talents and energy earned her the opportunity of joining the cast of *Up With People* before she completed high school. Should Bob and Jo Bevier permit their young daughter to leave home, travel extensively here and abroad with the group?

Many parents would have said no. Not Bob and Jo. "If you have thought it over carefully," they said, "and if you really want to do this, we do not object."

"That's the way it is in our family," the children say. "We are given a great deal more freedom than many other young people we know. Our parents trust us. But that doesn't mean there aren't rules to abide by."

When their son Bob asked to buy an automobile when he was 16, the parents consented. He had earned the money working as a paper boy, in a grocery store, and later at a local Dairy Queen. Along with the automobile, however, came regulations. Bob was not to use the car





Although thousands are graduating from Michigan State, it is natural that the Beviers have eyes only for their daughter, Cynthia Seeley, who is receiving her degree in sociology. Such events provide an emotional high point in family life, but the father—as usual—comes through to relieve the moment, pretending to read Cynthia's diploma in pompous good humor. In the group, shown breaking up in laughter, are Mrs. Bevier, their younger daughter, Terri, and son-in-law Mark Seeley.

except for practical purposes. There must be a destination in mind, no idle cruising, no drag-racing.

Even their youngest daughter, Terri, now busy being a 14-year-old, finds the same trust and understanding when she rides her bicycle around the community or participates in school sports. (She would like to become a gym teacher.)

Bob and Jo Bevier would be the first to tell you that the family that stays together doesn't simply cling together. In fact, shortly before *Together* visited the Beviers last June, their pastor warned it would be near

impossible to arrange a date when all would be home "because they are a very active and mobile family."

True, Debbie had gone away for a summer job in the Boston area, but all other members of the family were at home. Bob made his rounds for Prudential, as usual, collecting premium payments and trading small talk with his patrons.

He has the informal friendliness of a small-town boy, which he is, having grown up in Willard, Ohio, where "I could go hunting a block away from home." He delivered papers and hunted a great deal because "there was nothing else to do," joined the U.S. Marines at age 18, served in several Pacific hot spots as an antiaircraft field telephone man during World War II.

Four months after he met Jo in 1946, they were married. He joined Prudential in 1947, worked as an agent in a Detroit ghetto area for several years before moving into another district.

Since then things have gone more or less as they did that morning last June when *Together's* photographer prepared to leave the Beviers.

Suddenly the quiet was broken by the Troy fire radio. Bob Bevier came dashing out of the house, without shirt, trying to put on boots as he ran.

"Everything's now normal at our house!" he yelled back from the open car window. □

Letters

MORE BENEFIT FROM SUPERSTAR THAN SERMONS

I am only a freshman in high school so maybe this letter won't mean much to you or any other "establishment" type people. I went to see a stage production of *Jesus Christ Superstar* and thought it was absolutely marvelous. That is why I am troubled by your report *Jesus Movement Analyzed; 'Superstar' Triply Chastised* [January, page 19].

I didn't see the New York production but one of the productions on the road. I had heard the record before so I knew what to expect. There were no props used. The main characters—Jesus, Judas, Mary Magdalene, Pilate, and Simon—wore modern clothes and came out on the front of the stage. To the side were the people who played the crowd and the disciples, and at the back was the orchestra.

To whoever wrote your January article, I am no expert on the Bible, although I have been brought up on it, but I do know that *Jesus Christ Superstar* follows the New Testament closely.

This rock opera was not made especially for old people. If it had been, do you honestly think the writers would have made it with rock music? The lyrics also have to be able to reach teen-agers.

I got more out of *Jesus Christ Superstar* than I would have gotten out of a year of sermons. I think everybody should see or hear *Superstar*. If you are older, listen to it a few times before you form your opinion. And don't form your opinion from what other people say.

LAURA BURFORD
New Haven, Ind.

Send your letters to
TOGETHER

1661 N. Northwest Highway
Park Ridge, Ill. 60068

IT IS GOD'S WAY: WOMEN OBEY MEN

Rachel Conrad Wahlberg's book *Leave a Little Dust* sounds good. I'll see if our public library has it. But in her piece *If You Are a Woman* [January, page 25], I think she misses some points.

In the holy Word of God, he tells us that women are supposed to be subject to men, and men are held under by God himself. God gives each of us, male and female, talents for our jobs. Men can't and most of them won't change a diaper. Right? Or mend countless socks and do the millions of daily servant jobs a married woman does for scant wages.

Well, women don't have the necessary requirements God gave men to do their kind of jobs either. So why attempt it?

It is a great, hard lesson for us women to learn, but it is God's way, not ours, to be content with holiness. The very top person above all males is Our Lord, and they must be obedient to him. Next in order is that men are above women, and we females should be obedient to our husbands. That makes sense to me. I am a very happy woman.

MRS. LOIS SCHAEFER
Scranton, Pa.

CHEERS FOR MRS. WAHLBERG

Three cheers—or should I say amen?—for Rachel Conrad Wahlberg who wrote *If You Are a Woman*, and to *Together* for publishing it. I will be interested to see what other readers (male and female) thought of it.

MRS. ROBERT L. BOWEN
Danvers, Ill.

SOLUTIONS NOT DEMANDED, BUT PLEASE, SOME NOTIONS

I am neither interested in how many whiskers nor how many clerical relatives he has [As a Campus Minister Sees Students . . . , February, page 16]. Nor do I want to know the questions he asks. (How woefully tired is the response, "Would you want your kid sister to do this?")

What would have intrigued me would have been a hard-hitting account of how a campus minister deals with today's students and today's issues. Instead, we read such lines as "a problem I'm not clear on" or "I have no notion as to how." I'm not demanding solutions but I do want some notions.

Any of the answers (admit it!) in this interview could have been those of either a hardworking layman or, for that matter, a nonchurchgoer knowledgeable about "the religious scene." Nowhere was I persuaded that this is a man in a challenging pastorate.

G. K. PEASLER
Evanston, Ill.

JANUARY ISSUE: MOST COLORFUL, BEAUTIFUL EVER

I have been receiving *Together* and enjoying it for several years. I am writing now to tell you I think the January issue not only has many good articles but is the most colorful, beautiful copy I have ever had.

I think when anyone does an extra special job we should show some appreciation. Thank you.

MRS. ETHEL C. JOHNSON
Memphis, Tenn.

WHAT ABOUT AWFUL CONDITIONS IN CHINA?

Helen Johnson's article on *China Today* [January, page 10] is very interesting, but why not tell some of the awful conditions in China? People who go to China are not allowed to see those places or talk with ones there but are allowed only to visit where everything is fine.

Lately I read a story in another publication describing the trip of Chester A. Ronning, the former missionary and Canadian representative in China. I followed on the map the places that he visited over several thousand miles. I noticed they did not include the whole country by any means, simply the outer part. It did not show the fields of poppies which the young people had been made to develop and from which drugs could be manufactured to enslave our soldiers in Viet Nam and also sold here by various underhanded means.

Why not print an article such as I read in a newspaper, reporting facts good and bad as they are, about an educated young woman who finally escaped from China, came to the U.S., and then went to Taiwan where she was interviewed?

How Methodists can go against Taiwan and have it taken over by Red China is beyond belief. (Must

be lots of communist influence at the head.) If one looks at Taiwan's development from nothing and the condition of its people in a Christian country with no fear of imprisonment for their belief, Taiwan is way ahead of the Communists except in numbers.

Together has gone far to the left, as have several other church magazines. I have had the Methodist paper to read for over 80 years, and Together does not now come up to the copies of the Advocate I have from the 1880s. I am no longer proud to be a Methodist.

MRS. CLIFFORD RAMSEY
Sussex, N.J.

WHAT 'NEW INFORMATION' ON CHINESE AGGRESSION?

In the article *China Today*, author Helen Johnson quotes from a United Methodist Board of Missions-Board of Christian Social Concerns background paper:

"In the period since 1949, China has sent troops outside her border on three occasions: in Korea in 1952, in Tibet in 1960, and in India during 1962. In each of these cases the United States branded China as the aggressor . . . but in each case the passage of time has revealed new information which clouds the accuracy of these claims."

What "new information" for instance?

Everyone is presumably against genocide. Like when Mao Tse-tung casually condoned the extinction of three fourths of the human race "if the survivors could all be Communists."

And concerning the articles on the World Council of Churches in the Reader's Digest [see *Churchmen Respond to Magazine's Attacks*, January, page 22]: There have been many times in the past when someone didn't like the way the established church of his day was being run and didn't mind saying so. Some examples are Jesus of Nazareth, Martin Luther, John Wesley, Roger Williams, and Thomas More. I wouldn't quite go so far as to add Reader's Digest roving reporter Clarence Hall's name to that august group, but the thought is there.

JACK IMMELL
Buffalo, Okla.

ADOPTION CONCERN SHARED

Thank you very much for Helen Johnson's fine article *The New Face of Adoption* in the January issue [page 14]. I certainly share



"Children complete 80 percent of their entire intellectual development by second grade. Why sweat the other crummy 20 percent?"

many of her thoughts concerning the crucial status of adoption and the critical need to get babies and children with prospective parents.

DAVID DALKE, Adm. Asst.
Kansas Children's Service League
Wichita, Kans.

JANE MERCHANT: SPECIAL BEYOND WORDS

Many thanks for publishing Jane Merchant's verses in your *Calendar of Haiku* [January, page 32]. My copy came a few days before her death on January 3.

I had heard from her three times between Thanksgiving and Christmas, 1971, and had been to visit her twice. She was special beyond words.

CARROLL HENDERSON
Knoxville, Tenn.

Indeed she was! Our own recollections of Together's longtime association with Miss Merchant are included in this month's Jottings column [page 64].—Your Editors

USE BLANK SPACE FOR FILLER MATERIAL

I have before me the December, 1971, issue of *Together*, and I notice blank space on pages 43, 49, and 54. It occurs to me that the large blank space on page 43 in the article, *A Church Wakes Up to Senior Power*, would be a perfect place for a poem such as *Autumn* by Josephine Stackhouse which appeared in another United Methodist

publication, *Mature Years*.

Perhaps a series of fillers—humorous, spiritual, philosophical—would be of value. Suggested titles that come to mind are "Preacher's Notebook," "Parson to Person," "The Oldtimer's Shavings," or, borrowing from one of your staff, "Clutter's Clippings." I thoroughly enjoy the offbeat, whimsical humor of H. Clutter!

DENTON ROSSEL
Pittsburg, Kans.

BAUMAN BIBLE STUDY 'RADIANT WITH HOPE'

As a retired minister, I receive the magazine gratis. Accept my thanks. I do appreciate it.

The January issue is excellent. *Introducing Ed Bauman: Bible Teacher to Millions* [page 3] and *The Life-giving Community* [page 6], the first article in his series of Bible studies on the Book of Acts, is radiant with hope, a challenge to the fellowship of believers. More power to a man with experience, imagination, and a vision of reality.

In my 81st year I enjoy life and look forward with hope. I am a kinsman of the Eternal.

HENRY J. GERNHARDT, SR.
Retired Minister
Twin Falls, Idaho

TEEN HAS THE ANSWER

The testimony of C.J. in the November 1971 Teens column [page 61] has the answer for adults as well as teens. She has found the truth that makes men free—the Lord Jesus Christ.

MRS. CORBAN TABLER
Quincy, Pa.

DON'T USE 'METHODIST' TO MEAN 'UNITED METHODIST'

I am disturbed by the advertisement on the back cover of the February issue of *Together*. When you allow "Methodist" to be used, you are talking about a denomination which does not exist. Many of us are attempting to make a new and vital denomination, The United Methodist Church. At many turns we find ourselves discouraged by the very people and publications which should be helping!

Please don't use "Methodist" when you mean "United Methodist." If you don't mean our new church, then probably the material should not be printed.

This is a letter from one who is

sincerely and prayerfully attempting to understand our new denomination. Please don't make it any harder. Believing God planned this merger, we want it to succeed!

MRS. JAMES D. MOWREY
Johnstown, Pa.

PICTURES, STORIES, POEMS —A WAY OF SHARING FAITH

One of the nicest ways of sharing faith and the Christian way has been shown me by one of your subscribers, Miss Hazel Smith. Knowing how much I enjoy beautiful pictures, good stories, poems, and so forth, she has faithfully delivered her copy of *Together* to my door each month.

After reading it from cover to cover and clipping out certain pictures, poems, or sayings, I find there's not much left.

A "thank you and God bless" to each who has a part in making *Together* such an excellent magazine and to Hazel Smith for sharing her Christian way.

SISTER RITA ROSE EBY
St. Mary-Corwin Hospital
Pueblo, Colo.

POET PLEASED; THE PICTURE FIT

Whoever took the photograph to accompany my *Alchemy* [January, page 9] deserves thanks from a humble and very lucky poet. The picture not only suits the verse to a perfect degree, it makes the lines more than they are somehow. Or at least it reveals something that was hidden between the lines until the camera caught it. Wait, the cameraman caught it. But why didn't he get credit for such artistry?

MRS. MAUREEN CANNON
Ridgewood, N.J.

Through error, photographer Bill Newrock's name was omitted from our January Illustration Credits list.
—Your Editors

ILLUSTRATION CREDITS

Cover—William C. Koutz • Pages 8-10-11-12—Edward Moker • 17—Newspaper-Long Island • 18—Courtesy Seton Hall University • 20-23—Lee Ronck • 21—Courtesy Warner Brothers • 28-29—UMI • 60—The Associated Press from *Reporting/Writing From Front Row Seats*, courtesy Simon and Schuster • 2-3-4-5-6-7-14-15-30-31-32-34-35-39-43-44-45-51—George P. Miller.

Correction: In February Illustration Credits omit page 59 and read pages 16-17-18—James M. Robinson.—Your Editors

Kipling, the Patio, and the Book of Job

THE BLACK cholera, according to Kipling, does its work quietly, without explanation. Other things happen that way as well. Sunrise is quiet, and without explanation. Flowers bloom quietly. They do not explain why.

Still, there is the black cholera. Nothing seems good anymore, people say, and they say it like Job did.

Everything has changed. I don't even like living in the world the way it is now . . .

I used to think the world was fair, but it's not, or things wouldn't happen the way they do. There's nothing you can fall back on . . .

Crucifixion's story is thunder and earthquake, but Resurrection is quiet, early in the morning, and without much explanation.

Take you to the patio in the Easter season. A miniature pageant is underway. Sunlight streams onto the patio and surrounding yard, refracted by earthly objects into every color. Tulips in bright scraps of red, yellow, or purple line the garden wall. Small fuzzy blooms march the stems of pussy willows. Slender and stately, the ash tree plays speckled shade over the grass, inviting mortals to come and sit and watch.

Every time I build up hope of things getting a little better another big crash comes along. What is there to look forward to . . . ?

A number of small performances are taking place. A worker bee flies low reconnaissance over wet grass. A smoke-gray butterfly turns pirouettes on a dandelion head. With a whirr-up, a sparrow lands and swings on the telephone wire, trailing a twig two feet longer than she is. She rests on the wire, holding on to the stick, and measures the slotted vent opening under the eave next door.

She flies toward the eave, misses the slot, flutters half way down then up and in. The stick hangs out. Two jerks, and it disappears inside. A dry maple seed in the ground crackles

as another sparrow battles it.

The harder I try to do right, the worse things seem to go wrong . . .

From a split rock a flake of mica reflects the sun as a bright sting. Against the stuccoed house a pink Peace rose, as large and open as a saucer, leans and blushes. The same breeze which sways the rose rustles new leaves on the ash and makes cottonwoods in close-by yards shuffle and patter. Stand still, Job. Consider some wonders and signs.

A minor ripple moves across the surface of the bird bath. Quietly, more vagrant breezes deliver waves of perfume from grape hyacinths, the cinnamon smell of Spanish broom.

A moment round and golden doing its work, planting its secret knowledge that time and change are somehow utterly beside the point. (On paper it makes the sort of sop written down by misty-eyed romantics and people who never fought the subway.)

The black cholera is only one side, one part of the pageant, one hand of the potter. Recovery is quiet, and without explanation. A well-seasoned love between man and wife can be easy and gentle and not need talking about. Sick people treated as if they were well, accepted as they are, not imposed upon, gradually, gradually, can become themselves; and when it happens it's a miracle.

Something is doing its work. In its own way. In love and anguish. Quietly and without explanation.

Who are we, Job? What do we know? What can our limited earthly sense perceive of the whole? A flake of mica? A ripple of water? A glimpse, Job. Only a glimpse. Not to be earned, grabbed at, or chased down. Just to receive it, to let it be, is to be filled with the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things unseen. It is, in fact, to be renewed and received into a splendor, indeed, of many mansions.

—James W. Guthrie

The Scattered Community

By EDWARD W. BAUMAN

"I NOW FEEL a compelling urgency to love others as God loves me." This sentence, appearing at the end of one of the most treasured letters I ever received, made a deep impression on me. It was written by a medical doctor's wife who had been participating in our television Bible study for several months. She told me that while she was watching a lecture on the Gospel of John, she realized for the first time that God loved her!

Words which she had been hearing in church all her life suddenly took on meaning which they had never had before. In a mood of joy and thanksgiving, she told me what this experience meant to her in terms of new hope. Then she ended the letter with that sentence: "I now feel a compelling urgency to love others as God loves me."

This statement symbolizes so accurately the general movement of the New Testament message from "salvation" to "mission." Those who enter into union with God by accepting his love experience a new wholeness of life which immediately turns outward toward others. Having received the gift of "life" from God, they are eager to share the gift with others.

One of the great tragedies of the Bible is the failure of the Old Testament community to recognize this mission responsibility of those who have received God's love. They thought of themselves as a "chosen people," but they considered only the privileges and ignored the responsibilities of their special status. Deutero-Isaiah, the sixth century prophet, tried to tell them that they had been chosen in order to be a "light to the nations," but

they would not listen. They had no sense of mission to the world.

It is obvious from the Book of Acts that the New Testament community was determined not to make the same mistake. The book itself is primarily a history of the church in mission. The major outline is determined by the statement of Jesus in the first chapter: "You shall be my witnesses in Jerusalem and in all Judea and Samaria and to the end of the earth."

The story in Acts begins in Jerusalem and ends with an imprisoned Paul in Rome, looking out "to the end of the earth." The apostles are determined that as many persons as possible will have the opportunity to hear and accept the good news of what God has done in Jesus Christ.

Somewhere along the line, however, something went wrong. The modern church became so self-centered that the one dominant theme of countless recent books on church renewal is the urgent call to mission. We have concentrated too long on our institutional life "within the walls" and lost our contact with the world.

I remember standing on a busy street waiting for a bus one early spring evening when I noticed a large sign on a nearby church: "Revival Tonight! Come one! Come All!" Out of curiosity I stepped into the church and looked around. The organist and soloist were in their places, the ushers were waiting to take up the offering, and the preacher was talking about being saved. But there were only seven persons in the congregation! Just outside, crowds of tired and spiritually dejected people passed by on the sidewalk. With a sinking feeling I returned to the crowded street with the smell of death clinging to me. I often have thought of that experience when I have visited other churches out of tune with the music in the streets.

Fortunately the scene is changing. The urgent message of the authors who have been calling us to mission is getting through. Some have gone too far, however, insisting that we should not say the church *has* a mission but that the church *is* mission. This is probably a good way to make a point, but it does not accurately reflect the New Testament experience. The church in the New Testament is a community of persons called together by God through their common experience of Jesus Christ. God first of all gathers them together in order to share his life with them. Then he scatters them in the world so that they can share his life with others. The scattered life in mission is one important phase of the church's life, but it is not the only one. There can be no effective mission apart from the equipping which takes place through our life together.

Having said this, however, we want to join the general rejoicing for the contemporary church's awakening as a mission people. We are no longer content to fulfill our mission obligations by paying professional missionaries

to do the mission work of the church. As never before we realize that sharing the good news with the world around us is our personal responsibility.

One businessman recently told me that he had called on an associate who was in the hospital fighting a combination of cancer and heart disease: "I mustered up the courage to tell him two things—first of all that we needed him at the office and second that I loved him and cared about him." The next person who visited the patient found him deeply moved because he had heard the two things he needed most to hear at that moment, that he was needed and that he was loved. The man reporting all of this to me was upset because this was the first time he had spoken in this way even though he had worked in the same office with his friend for 20 years. He was keenly aware of the opportunities he had missed to "minister in love" to this man.

This is really what mission is all about, sharing the love that has been given to us through Christ with everyone whose life we touch. The Book of Acts is especially valuable in helping us understand this mission, not only because it shows us the balance between the gathered life and the scattered life of the early church but also because it clearly reveals the two major ways in which the mission of the church was expressed.

The first way in which the church expressed its love for the world was by telling others what God had done in Jesus Christ. The New Testament word for this is *kerygma* or proclamation. We proclaim or announce the good news of how God's love in Christ makes it possible for us to enter into fullness of life.

THE FIRST 12 chapters of Acts are important because they contain the classic examples of early Christian *kerygma*. In the third chapter, after Peter has cured the lame man at the gate of the Temple, he speaks to the persons who have gathered in astonishment at the event. He reminds them of how God acted through their fathers; he briefly states the facts of Jesus' life, death, and Resurrection; and he calls them to repent and accept new life through Christ for themselves.

All the early Christian preaching in Acts follows this same general pattern: (1) A reminder of the preparation for Jesus through the Old Testament covenant, (2) a simple statement of the story of Jesus, and (3) a call to accept and identify with him through repentance and Baptism. The early Christians did not hesitate to "name the name of Jesus" in this way, even when threatened with death for doing so.

Some denominations in some parts of the country continue to witness in this way, but the main-line churches have pretty well given up this form of mission. Many of us would never think of talking to a neighbor or business associate about Jesus for fear of being branded a fanatic. The fact is, however, that the *kerygma* continues to be one of the essential forms of Christian mission. If we follow the New Testament pattern, we will try to find the most effective ways of telling others how the power and love of God are given through Jesus Christ.

The other principal form of mission in the early church is the one which has become most popular in our time. Many recent authors, for example, have insisted that the most creative form of mission is service—showing God's

love in Christ through our ministry of love to others. The words of Jesus in the 25th chapter of Matthew are often quoted in this connection: "I was hungry . . . thirsty . . . a stranger . . . naked . . . sick . . . in prison . . ." This, we are told, is mission! As a result, many churches have developed bold new structures to meet the needs of those around them: preschools for children of the poor, alcohol and drug clinics, housing developments, legislative action groups, coffeehouses, and so on.

HERE is a beautiful New Testament word to describe this form of mission. In the sixth chapter of Acts, trouble was brewing in the church. Hebrew Christians and Greek Christians were not getting fair treatment in the distribution of food during common meals. Luke, author of Acts, tells us in words all too familiar that there was "murmuring" because of this. In order to resolve the difficulty, seven men were chosen to supervise the serving of tables, and the word used to describe their function is *diakonia*. Our word deacon comes from this word which originally referred to table servers.

By the 12th chapter of Acts, however, when Paul and Barnabas return from Jerusalem where they have ministered to those suffering from a famine, the word *diakonia* is used to describe their function and it is translated "mission" in the Revised Standard Version. *Diakonia* or service has already become synonymous with mission! Modern church members who talk about mission through loving service are thus standing on solid biblical ground.

It is necessary to point out, however, that both *kerygma* and *diakonia*—proclamation and service—are legitimate forms of mission. We sometimes get carried away in our enthusiasm for one and overlook the other.

One evening I took a visiting minister to a coffeehouse run by the Church of the Saviour in Washington because he wanted to see this contemporary form of mission in action. After a while he became very agitated and said, "I have been here over an hour and haven't heard the name of Jesus once. How can you call this Christian mission?" Needless to say, the discussion which followed with several church members was heated, but the result was a foregone conclusion. Naming the name of Jesus and serving a cup of coffee in the name of Jesus are both legitimate forms of sharing the good news.

The current emphasis on mission has brought a healthy vitality to countless local congregations. By turning outward to the world we make it possible for the love of God to flow through us to others. By losing our life "for the sake of Christ," we are finding it in new ways. Our study of Acts, however, makes it clear that the mission enterprise of the church cannot be sustained for very long apart from the life together in which we are strengthened and sustained and prepared for our mission.

To my amazement, I realized just the other day that some of the very people who have been writing most vigorously about the need for mission are now writing about worship and prayer and other activities of the gathered community! Perhaps the pendulum has been swinging us too far out into the world and we need to return to renew our strength by "waiting on the Lord" in the journey inward. At any rate, both are essential. In the experience of every disciple, there is a time for life together and a time for life in the world. □

Your Faith

Christians seeking truth always have questions about their faith, and Iowa Bishop James S. Thomas discusses some of them each month on this page. Send yours to him c/o TOGETHER, Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068.



What's ahead for the church?

• In one form or another, this question is raised by religionist and secularist alike. Two years ago, at least one outstanding theologian wrote that the church of the future will be of a different form: "As far as I can see in the foreseeable future it will be a diaspora church." (*What's Ahead for the Church* by Prof. J. C. Hoekendijk, *World Outlook*, April, 1969.) This word "diaspora" refers to the Jews scattered abroad outside Palestine. It means a dispersion.

However right or wrong this may be, one thing is certain: there is a great

search for the force of worship, and a great departure from the classic forms of worship. There are an estimated 540 underground churches in the United States, each one somewhat different from the other.

This is not the whole story. If *seeking* is ahead for the church so is *finding*. Many times in the past old forms of the church have been broken so that the new force of God's life could come in. That was the meaning of the Wesleyan revival in the 18th century. It may also be the meaning of our present dispersion.

Is situation ethics the best for our generation?

• Situation ethics, lately made famous by Joseph Fletcher, is only one of many approaches to doing the right thing under difficult circumstances. But the more important questions are, "What is love?" and "How does one decide in very complex situations?" Fletcher says, "The new morality declares . . . that anything and everything is right or wrong according to the situation" (*Situation Ethics: The New Morality*, Westminster,

\$1.95, paper; \$3.95, hardcover).

Two guidelines are important at this point. First, neither situation ethics nor any other system will redeem human relationships if the basic motivation is bad. Second, agreeing that there are some impossible situations, there are many more in which we know right from wrong. There are no reliable shortcuts to a good life.

What is the best way to meet disappointment?

• Perhaps the first thing is to expect disappointment; it is an inescapable part of life. If we never had any plans, we could not be disappointed; but who lives with no plans at all? And if we knew all the myriad factors that might change life, we could avoid them, but who is that wise? To live expectantly is to invite disappointment.

We should accept disappointment with

great reverence and respect for God's larger plan for our lives. Many of us have been disappointed in some detail only to find the entire pattern of life made better than we could have planned it. Faith in God should lead us to expect much and try hard. Then, when things go wrong, we should pray for the guidance and strength to find God's larger will for our lives.

Teens

By DALE WHITE

A LARGE PART of becoming mature is learning to say "Thank you." When you can feel grateful for good gifts received, you are already secure enough as a person to accept the love of others. When you can say "I am really grateful to you" with sincerity, you show your ability to respond warmly to the goodwill of others.

Young people often find it especially hard to say "Thank you" to parents. This grows in part from the strong need you have to become independent, to make it on your own. You just hate to admit you still depend upon your folks for anything. Unfortunately, some families develop the bad habit of talking about their feelings with one another only when angry, hurt, or disappointed. The warm, tender, joyous feelings never get expressed.

One college class requires that each student write a letter home to express appreciation in some way for something the parents have done. Students are often surprised and pleased to see how this simple act opens up new levels of communication with their folks.

Just to get your thoughts together, why not send me a letter which expresses your gratitude for what your parents mean to you? As a model, read these words written by an exchange student in Colombia, South America:

"To the Best Dad and Mom in the World on Their 21st Anniversary: Love and Congratulations.

"Thank you so very much for giving me this opportunity. I know you had to sacrifice a lot!

"This trip has taught me that my family and home are my greatest possessions—and without them I would have nothing of any value.

"I'm so thankful for parents who raised me with LOVE and patience. How could I ever thank you for just everything you've done these past 17 years? Everything I've ever wanted you've made sure I had it—no matter what it cost you. You've entertained my friends and sacrificed so many weeks and weekends. Bill and I have always come first. How have I shown my love and appreciation? I'm afraid lots of times by causing conflicts, com-

plaining, and never being satisfied. I don't deserve to have the BEST parents in the WORLD. But I love you so MUCH!!

"I'll be home (where I belong) soon."



The youth of our church often present special services on certain occasions during the church year. Several times we would have liked to perform a skit that would correspond with the theme of the service, but it seems we can never find any or at least any worth presenting. Would you know of where we could find some simple skits and creative worship services, or some place where we could write for the material?

We would especially appreciate those appropriate for such occasions as Youth Sunday, Easter and Palm Sunday, Lent and Christmas.

We will be grateful for any information.—C.W.

I hope you will get acquainted with *Youth Leader*, one of the church-school publications of The United Methodist Church. It carries

innovative and dramatic services, worship in practically every issue. Your minister can tell you how to write for it.

Mr. Richard A. Rice, associate editor of our Division of Curriculum Resources, would be glad to get your questions and comments on it. Write to him at 201 Eighth Avenue, South—Room 554, Nashville, Tenn. 37202.



I have a problem which has been bothering me about my sex life. I truly desire to do what is right. It is with masturbation. In two different books I've read, masturbation was defined as any sort of self-stimulation which brings erotic arousal, any type of self-stimulation which is deliberate and designed to effect erotic arousal, any type of self-stimulation, and sexual stimulation which is designed to produce an orgasm through any means except sexual intercourse. My problem is that I stimulate myself sexually with "girlie" pictures. I asked my doctor, and he said that this was a normal part of growing up.

I read in a Christian book fo



"You've got to help me. I hate guitars."

boys that any type of self-stimulation is called masturbation. The book also said that there is nothing to be ashamed of in any way if you have masturbated. Is it morally right for me to "turn myself on" sexually with pictures of sexy girls, thought fantasies of girls, and so on? I hope you can answer me and direct me in the right way.—P.S.

Of course young people recognize that masturbation is not an ideal sexual experience. Sexuality is fully meaningful as the self-giving of two people who love each other and are committed to one another in a lifetime union. For that reason masturbation will leave one with vague feelings of emptiness, futility, and guilt.

In early adolescence powerful new sexual urges have to be integrated with one's self-image. These feelings come unbidden. To make any sense out of them a young person dreams and day-dreams situations in which they can have future meaning. In doing so he channels sexual energies into a normal psychological preparation for courtship and marriage. Sexual self-stimulation and/or daydreams are so widely experienced, especially among boys, that authorities believe they play an important part in growing up.

Some excellent books are available for a fuller understanding of these concerns. Write to me and I will suggest a few.

Qa

I am writing in answer to L.B.'s letter in the July, 1971, issue. She couldn't make friends because of her fear of rejection. This is my advice:

I understand your fear of being rejected. I also know that you must get dead serious and try to solve your problem.

Your dad can say, "Cultivate new friendships" all he wants, but it won't make it any easier. You can't just walk up to someone and ask him to be your friend. But you can be more friendly in general. It isn't really that hard, I found, once you get started. When there is a group conversation going on, sit in on it. And by sit I don't mean sit there in silence. Contribute to the conversation, even if it's an "Oh, really?" or a "Yeah," or a nod in agreement. Ask a question or two, and laugh along with a joke. That

remained on the other side of the sea saw that there had been only one boat there, and that Jesus had not entered the boat with his disciples, but that his disciples had gone away alone.²³ However, boats from Tibéri-as came near the place where they ate the bread after the Lord had given thanks.²⁴ So when the people saw that Jesus was not there, nor his disciples, they themselves got into the boats and went to Capér-ná-um, seeking Jesus.

25 When they found him on the other side of the sea, they said to him, "Rabbi, when did you come here?"²⁶ Jesus answered them, "Truly, truly, I tell you, you seek me, not because of my sign, but because of my words." They said to him, "What sign then will you show us?" He said to them, "A sign you will not believe."

41 The Jews then murmured at him, because he said, "I am the bread which came down from heaven."⁴² They said, "Is not this Jesus, the son of Joseph, whose father and mother we know? How does he now say, 'I have come down from heaven'?"⁴³ Jesus answered them, "Do not murmur among yourselves. ⁴⁴ No one can come to me unless the Father who sent me draws him; and I will raise him up at the last day.⁴⁵ It is written in the prophets, 'And they shall all be taught by God.' Every one who has heard me and has believed in me has been born again, and does not sin, because he has been born of God."

The Jews dispute Jesus' claim

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getting along Together

My sister and her husband sit in church with their four children occupying a long stretch of space between them. One Sunday her husband scribbled a note and passed it down to her. While it was en route, she wondered if it were about Rusty or Diana or Emily or David.

She opened the note and read: "You look mighty pretty this morning."

—Mrs. Elisabeth B. Mansfield
Lakeland, Fla.

One afternoon when my young nephew was visiting, he asked for a piece of paper on which to draw a picture. I gave him a sheet of typing paper.

"That isn't big enough," he said.

So I went to the storage closet and hauled out a huge sheet of wrapping paper.

"That isn't big enough, either," he said.

"Well it's the biggest I have," I explained, a little exasperated. "What do you want to draw, anyway?"

"I want to make you a picture of God," he explained.

—Mrs. T. J. Anderson
Cedar Falls, Iowa

Nothing had gone right for the family's seven-year-old so, about half an hour before supper, he announced he was leaving home. Picking up a small bag he had packed, he defiantly walked out the front door.

A short while later he returned and was greeted by his wise but relieved mother. The still defiant little traveler set down his bag, took off his coat, glanced around, and sighed, "Well I see you still have the same old cat." —W. H. Weiss, Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio

Billy was going to his first birthday party alone, and when he left, I reminded him to remember his manners. Later I asked him if he had said, "Yes, thank you," and "No, thank you."

"I was polite," he told me happily. "But I didn't have to use that 'No, thank you' once, Mom. I wanted everything they had!"

—Mrs. Rex Campbell, Cainsville, Mo.

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will let everyone know that you're not just sitting there waiting to be noticed.

If you let people know you're alive, they will take an interest in you so you can take an interest in them. Soon you will find people saying "Hello" to you first, instead of waiting till you speak.

I hope my advice works as well for you as it did for me. It won't be as easy as it sounds in this letter, but it will work sooner or later if you don't give up.

One word of warning. Do not try to get into a clique. It will only zap you right back into your complex. That doesn't mean you avoid the individual members—be as generally friendly to them as you would to anyone else. But when the clique is together—stay away! I speak from experience.

You also might try asking God for some assistance. That's what he's here for, you know.—N.M.

Thanks for a very helpful letter! Counselors now realize that when you have a problem getting along with people, it is not enough to talk it through until you understand the problem and its source. You have to take the risk of trying new ways of being with people. If you aren't willing to take the knocks, you aren't likely to solve your problem. That's why your advice rings true for me.



I was interested in J.K.'s letter in the October, 1971, Teens [page 53] asking for literature which might help her in her search for a more meaningful faith. Since I have gone through the same experience, I would like to recommend a few books which I think she would find helpful:

Beyond Our Selves [Revel, 95¢, paper] by Catherine Marshall is filled with practical information. She may also enjoy Mrs. Marshall's Mr. Jones, Meet the Master: Sermons and Prayers of Peter Marshall [Revel, 75¢, paper]; and A New Song [Creation House, \$4.95] by Pat Boone. I have found many other inspirational books by browsing in libraries and bookstores.

I would also recommend the books mentioned above to the girl who wrote earlier saying that she felt insecure around her peers and that she daydreamed too much. I would say to her that Jesus loves her and died to set her free from

those fears. The wonderful part about our Lord is that he treats us as individuals and accepts us. He is not impressed by outer beauty, accomplishments, or material things.

When one fully accepts Jesus as Lord and Savior, he finds that God's love frees him from the pressure imposed upon him from every side. He is able to be the best person he can be without the fear of failure.

Christ is still the answer to our deepest needs. I found that he is able to do "beyond all we ask or think" if only we will let him take control of our lives.—B.P.

Thank you for your witness. Who would have believed even a few years ago that today's youth would be seeking and finding spiritual rebirth in such large numbers? Many predicted that your generation would be completely secularized. How you are surprising them!



I would like to know if you know of any organizations in the United States that help people that I can join for the summer. I am not very particular how far away it is but it would be better if it were fairly close to my state.

I am a boy, close to 17 years old. I am a sophomore in high school and would like very much to be part of a good summer service program.—D.S.

Write for Church Occupations and Voluntary Service. You can get a copy for 20¢ by writing to the Interboard Committee on Enlistment for Church Occupations, P.O. Box 871, Nashville, Tenn. 37202.

You will be disappointed to find that most summer volunteer programs require at least a year of college. But the booklet gives good ideas on how local churches can develop their own projects.



I'm a girl, 18. I graduated in '70, but didn't make further plans for higher education because I wasn't sure what I wanted.

Now I am. I want to attend a career college and finishing school, which combines both career education and personal development training. It is licensed by our State Board of Education, is a member of

the Better Business Bureau and the Chamber of Commerce, and is approved and recognized by the United States Department of Education, Veterans Administration, and Vocational Rehabilitation Department.

But my parents say no to the plan. Their objections seem to be that it's too far from home and in too big of a town.

I can realize they are very much interested in what I do, since I would have to borrow money and they would be signing their names in order for me to get it.

But isn't it right that I am the one who has to make the decision as to what I want to do, and then live with it?—A.C.

I would certainly encourage your parents to give the highest weight to your own wishes in the choice of a school and career. Far too many kids are wasting time on campuses they hate, taking courses they did not choose. As you say, you are the one who has to live with the decision.

Naturally, I would hope that you might listen to parental guidance as you make up your mind. What is it *really* that bothers them about your choice? How can you reassure them at the points of their deepest fears? Are they afraid that you will go off to the big city and be ruined by the sex and drug scene?

Perhaps they would feel better if they visited the campus and talked over their concerns with the chaplain or one of the deans. Then together you could work out a strategy for getting the best out of the school and avoiding the worst. They are going to have to let you go out into the big world sometime, after all.

By the way, under the Higher Education Assistance program you can borrow up to \$1,000 a year on your own signature alone. It is interest free while you are in school, and you do not start paying it back until nine months after graduation.

Tell Dr. Dale White about your problems, your worries, your accomplishments, and he will respond through *Teens*. Write to him in care of TOGETHER, P.O. Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068. Dr. White, author of *Teens since 1966*, has long worked with youth. He earned his doctor of philosophy degree in psychology and ethics from Boston University and is presently serving as a district superintendent in the Southern New England Annual Conference.

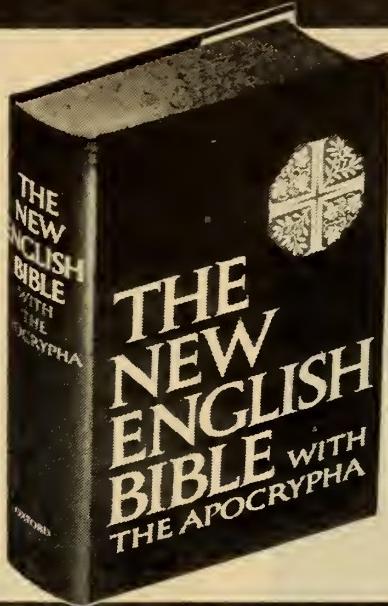
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Songs for a Genuine Superstar



Will your eye (in hurrying over the printed page, vigilant for something sufficiently informative or fascinating) strike any one of these poems so that you stop long enough to see what it has to say to you?

We have been variously told that this is the Space Age or the Age of Aquarius or any number of fads which last only a matter of months. It has even been suggested that this is the Year of Jesus, what with Jesus Freaks and numerous popular songs about Jesus and even a rock opera and a Broadway play.

At least there has been an outpouring of song in contrast to such earlier pinpointings as Supersalesman or Supeteacher. The current approach seems more in the biblical tradition of morning star (Revelation 22:16 KJV) and day star (2 Peter 1:19 KJV) rising in men's hearts. And He is for ever.

The 18 poems—or songs—which you are close to now are in search of the authentic Jesus. And you are, too. As you ponder their pertinence, join your voice to the song while still remembering that singing must still be accompanied by serving.

**We think that politeness
(the older word is reverence)
is what Jesus wants most.**

Must we be
just polite
to Jesus?
That's another
neat way
to get him
out of the way
sidetrack him
minimize
his mandate.
Be polite.
Yes, sir.
Be polite
but keep him
from being Lord
to us.

**In our politeness we may
even avoid the enthusiasm
which would accord Him
the best names we know.**

Our reverence
exceeds our obedience.
We manage

to avoid
sensational
superlatives
way out
but not way over
while overlooking
the daily
and neighborly
commandments
of one whom
we casually
call Lord.

**We forget His full and real
humanity.**

Did he get hot
when the temperature
shot up
or tired
when the road
was arduous
or dirty
with dust
fatigued by work
depleted
when he opened
the floodgates
of his love

or offered
a transfusion
from his veins?
Oh, no?
Oh, yes!
Why not?

We forget also the pleasure of His company:

He calls us
to be happy.
Was he ever
happy himself
or only
a man of sorrows
closeted with grief?
We ought to know
better and hear
the ring of laughter
in his party
and the celebration
for every prodigal
whom he helped home.
The pleasure
of his company
outjoys
all feasts.

It is still true:

Where two or three
enjoy his love
for life
and people,
he
is part of the party
and particularly
present.

But there are those who are condescending toward Him and toward people who try to catch His spirit. Still,

He twinkles
at the arrogant
who think
their need
for mercy
minimal

and smiles
to embrace
the tears and kisses

and scents
of Mary's gift.

Mary Magdalene, that is. You see

Her memory bank
was full
of ghosts
and devils
till he withdrew
the gross.

He paid
her debts
with prodigal
munificence.
She knew
how much.

For Mary was changed by Jesus

Under the influence
of Jesus
she caught
the melody
of sensibility
a faith feeling
for another's
needs.

She ran
the raw risk
of rejection
the misery
of maybe
misunderstanding
or being
misunderstood
the Judas-word
of waste
or raucous
ridicule.

Once touched
she touched.

But we are something like Judas:

Like Judas
I like
success
safety,
et cetera.





Is my greed
as great
as his
or my ambition
and practicality
as smooth
or my hypocrisy
as eloquent
or my well-heeled
treachery
as courteous—
the kiss
and tell
of my lackluster
lovelessness?

Is my remorse
more tardy
and less real
than his?

**Everyone then—and now—seems
to think he knows better than
Jesus. We say "Listen to me!":**

Why don't you
skip Jerusalem
until a safer season
when you may
be unantagonizing?

Why don't you
placate the priests
by stepping lightly
through the greedy sty
of Temple courts?

Why don't you
praise the Pharisees
for honest pride
no matter how
it shambles piety?

Why don't you
feed the fierce hates
manipulate the frenzy
and lead an army
on to victory?

Why don't you
enlist the waiting angels
who will bear you
safely above
sharp stones and sharper
crosses?

Why don't you
listen to me
you simple
and unrealistic
Jesus?

We are even like Herod:

Herod hungered
for happiness
but would have settled
for a little bit of wit
or a larger slice of Kingdom.
He hankered
for the good opinion
of headstrong prophets
and promising dancers
but could not reconcile
his contradictory appetites
for indigestibilities.
Like his father
he could make fun
out of funerals.
Jests were more to his taste
than justice
while compassion
cost more than he cared to
pay.
He might have enjoyed
being a hero
if he could have
sandwiched it in.

We join Caiaphas and Company:

Caiaphas and Company
complained:

That crowd
shouldn't desecrate
our holy city
with their decibels
of hurrahs
and hosannas
and their literal
harvest of palms
and waveables.

Quiet please
for the benefit
of those who have retired
from the generous agenda
compatible with peace.

We get crossed up as to what faith really is.

Customarily we cherish the curious kind of faith that saves us—in quotation marks—from saving others or shifting for ourselves.

We read in Luke 19:41-42, "And when he drew near and saw the city he wept over it, saying, 'Would that even today you knew the things that make for peace! But now they are hid from your eyes.' "

Jesus wept over the serenity and stupidity of the city whose business blotted out the weightier matters of equal law and positive peace.

And so do I:

I too was trying to get comfortable when he let me have it with that passionate word Peace with its odor of indiscriminate love.

We still argue over interpretations but we ought to ask:

What difference does it make whether he walked on water if he makes it to me through all the waves my world is making?

His cross is even more pertinent for our twentieth-century world, and I need to tell Him that I know it was for me:

That was a bizarre battle you fought brother you liberated me for certain new excursions around mortality I could have died if you hadn't.

We try to put our adoration in contemporary terms, even though some expressions startle or embarrass us:

Fairest Lord Jesus
Genuine Genius
God-man and man-man
Earth's honestest best
Strongest vibrations
Most loving sensations
And emancipation
For bored and suppressed.

You are the greatest
The earliest and latest
Foreverest savior
From life's daily death
You who befriend me
Coolly defend me
Strike me and send me
To champion the faith.

Beautiful person
With love that won't let go
The ugliest outcast
The cockiest odd
Fantastically fastest
The firstest and lastest
Far out and way in
You fill me with God.



BOOKS

AS WORLD WAR II ground through its final days in Europe, prisoners of war were marched from camps in Poland through Germany in a vain effort to keep them out of reach of Allied forces.

They made the march in winter, often without sufficient clothing, sleeping in barns or churches, eating what could be found in a country in which food supplies were shrinking rapidly, vulnerable to bombs from their own planes. Many of them didn't make it. One who did was Roger L. Shinn, who was captured during the Battle of the Bulge and was liberated by advancing United States forces on a spring day in Bavaria.

He had kept a slim prison diary, and during leave for rest and recuperation before reassignment he spent part of each day enlarging it into a lean, graphic, personal journal of his combat and prison experience. He had no thought of publishing it, but 25 years later it has become the first half of a book for which he is receiving the \$5,000 Abingdon religious-book award from Abingdon Press this month. This book is *Wars and Rumors of Wars* (Abingdon, \$5.95).

The book's second half is philosophical, written from the perspective of a theologian. Roger Shinn is now Dr. Roger Shinn, professor of social ethics at Union Theological Seminary.

In this second half he considers the nature of war, the potential for violence that exists in all of us, the meaning of war for the Christian. His observations are fresh, clear-eyed, and expressed in satisfyingly nontheological language.

Although he has disagreed with their pacifism, Dr. Shinn has tried to counsel conscientious objectors over the years, and five of them appear in a chapter titled *Five Patriots*. All five, says Dr. Shinn, are young men of integrity who have set their resolves against the war they were called to support.

Wars and Rumors of Wars concludes with: "The New Testament reports that Jesus said, 'And when you hear of wars and rumors of wars, do not be alarmed; this must take place, but the end is not yet' (Mark 13:7). The double affirmation is significant. First, 'this must take place.' That, I take it, is not a doctrine that any particular war or form of war is inevitable; it is a warning that conflict is part of life, that hidden in all the institutionalizations of peace are threats to peace, that those who count most certainly on carefully contrived security are most vulnerable to threats of insecurity."

"But second, 'the end is not yet.' Wars and rumors of wars are not the end. Literally the possibility of a 'war to end war' by ending human history is today more likely than when Jesus spoke. I would rather think that will not happen. But whether it does or not, the end is not yet. Destruction is not the last word on human existence. Hope, courage, compassion, trust, and love have their ultimate meaning in a Kingdom that has no end."



"In reporting science, there is no such thing as a dumb question," AP science editor Alton Blakeslee tells readers of *Reporting/Writing From Front Row Seats*.

People must have been utterly shocked by the band of women who accompanied Jesus and the disciples, stood at the foot of the cross, and witnessed the Resurrection, thinks Georgia Harkness. Writing in *Women in Church and Society* (Abingdon, \$4.75), she points out that Jesus' attitude toward women was in contrast with his Jewish heritage.

Dr. Harkness sums up the apostle Paul's contradictory statements about women by saying that as a Jew in the Greek world he was opposed to any speaking or assumption of leadership by women in the young churches, while as a Christian he had a very warm feeling toward the women who were working and witnessing in those churches.

She examines the biblical record in detail, traces the changing status of women through history, and speaks her mind plainly on the ordination of women: "There are both theological and practical reasons why women should be ordained and accepted as pastors of churches." But she believes that women who are ordained should meet the same standards by which men are accepted for ordination.

Dr. Harkness is well equipped to write about women in the church. She is an ordained minister and a highly respected theologian who has taught at several seminaries and colleges.

When reporters start swapping stories about covering the news, their own experiences are likely to be more interesting than the news itself. Twenty-five staff members of the Associated Press, all of them prizewinners, share this kind of shoptalk in *Reporting/Writing From Front Row Seats* (Simon and Schuster, \$5.95). They also talk about what it's like to have gathered your facts, done your research, and then have to start putting words on the piece of paper that glares accusingly at you from the typewriter.

The compiler and editor of this anthology was Charles A. Grumich, an AP newsman and editor for 43 years. It's designated for readers who are "12 plus," and it's good reading for all members of the family.

I have just finished reading a book that was so vivid and disturbing that I had to turn on the light again after I went to bed and read something else. I was having nightmares.

The Revenge of Heaven (Putnam, \$8.95) is the story of one of the Red Guards, Chinese students who were let out of school and university classrooms between 1966 and 1968 and instructed to destroy old customs, old culture, old thought, and old habits. Roving the countryside, destroying temples and churches, burning books, terrifying people in their homes, ultimately getting into furious battles with rival Red Guard factions, the students, many of them only 16 and 17, conducted this Cultural Revolution with furious resolve, using the crudest methods of humiliation and torture, often to the point where their victims did not survive.

Sixteen-year-old Ken Ling (that is not his true name), product of a Christian upbringing, was a Red Guard leader, at one point in charge of all production for the city of Amoy, at other times involved in battles as fierce as any in World War II. Although he was efficient enough at it, he participated in torture and execution very reluctantly. When he could, he would often spare people. After the death of the girl he loved in a battle between rival Red Guard factions, he became increasingly morose about the senseless violence and chaos around him. When Chinese leaders called a halt to the Cultural Revolution and ordered the students back to their classrooms, he escaped from the mainland to Taiwan.

The Revenge of Heaven, based on his own manuscript nearly half a mil-

Fiction



SIGMUND FREUD is one of the best-known names of our time.

Even people who never went beyond the eighth grade refer to "the Freudian Complex" and are likely to say at times, "Page Dr. Freud." The brilliant psychologist from Vienna has entered the consciousness of the 20th-century mind because he was one of those great original thinkers. I was glad that I received *THE PASSIONS OF THE MIND* by Irving Stone (Doubleday, \$10) because my knowledge of Freud is really very shallow, and I was sure that Stone would enlighten me.

I was not disappointed because Irving Stone is a great biographical novelist, and after reading this book, which is a long one (over 800 pages), I feel I know something about Sigmund Freud as a human being. He fell in love with a girl, courted her, married her when very poor, and was a faithful husband to the end. Gradually, a great idea broke upon him.

Most of the mental sicknesses which he treated convinced him increasingly that their origins were in sex experiences. This became the key which would unlock the secret of the illness. But as Albert Schweitzer said, no man gets a great idea without carrying it too far, and there were other psychologists and critics who were convinced that this had happened to Freud. The novel gave me that same impression, but even when we make allowances for this, we see here a great man in his insights and in his character.

Irving Stone, whom I met a few years ago, researches his subject so thoroughly that, whatever he writes, you may be sure he has reason for it. For all thoughtful ones who want to know more about Freud than an occasional wisecrack and who are not willing to become students and study Freudianism long enough and deep

enough to know it academically, I recommend this novel. It is a great one, an enjoyable reading experience.

MAIGRET AND THE KILLER by Simenon (*Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, \$5.50*) is an enjoyable detective story, and it will give you a change of pace. However, Simenon has a killer on his hands that has real psychological problems and Maigret is the kind of realistic man who can be very sympathetic with such a person. Simenon writes in the plain, direct, almost flat style that draws the drama for his stories out of the personality of his characters. He is one of my favorite mystery writers because he not only tells exciting stories, he makes every one of his characters real and three dimensional. This is good reading for a preacher on Saturday night.

NATURAL CAUSES by Nicholas Roland (*Aurora, \$4.95*) is another book with a mystery theme. It is about a monastery in Jerusalem whose chief business is the manufacturing of gin—a rather hard situation for a United Methodist to accept. Here are monks and an abbot who are at the same time human, good men, and very religious. The author, retired from the British diplomatic service, writes with smoothness and style.

I thought this book was delightful in every way, and I feel sure that a number of you will react the same way. It may be a little difficult for some to sympathize with the abbot and monks tasting gin as a part of their work and at the same time fulfilling their obligations to their Lord in a special way. Nicholas Roland helps you do this and he has written a first-rate book.

—GERALD H. KENNEDY
Bishop, Los Angeles Area
The United Methodist Church

lion Chinese characters long, was written in collaboration with China scholars Ivan and Miriam London and the help of interpreter and United Nations translator Ta-Ling Lee.

In spite of the tender love story between Ken and his beautiful and gentle Mei-Mei, the violence and frankness of this book will repel many a reader. Yet it is a mistake to put it down. And it is a mistake to judge the cruelty and excesses of the Cultural Revolution by Western standards. Asian attitudes toward torture and execution are very different from ours, just as most Asians have a different view of the value of the individual and the importance of human life. But for two years in very recent history, 16 and 17-year-olds in China had great freedom and an intoxicating amount of power. They grew so confident that they threatened the Chinese Communist Party itself. Ken Ling found that he couldn't turn back and sit obediently in a classroom, and many of his fellow Red Guards must have felt this just as strongly. Only the future can tell us how their brief and terrible foray into adult responsibilities without adult values will affect their lives as men and women, and as citizens.

It's hard to find a good historical novel today, but Dutch writer Jan de Hartog has written an absorbing one in **The Peaceable Kingdom** (Atheneum, \$10). This traces the history of the Quakers from 17th-century England to America in the days before the Revolution.

It begins with the meeting of young George Fox, who taught that the love of God is a Light within us that we must let shine on all men, and Margaret Fell, middle-aged wife of a Lancashire judge, who translated his preaching into social action that was as daring and dangerous as it was loving. These two were the founders of the religious sect known formally as the Religious Society of Friends and informally as Quakers, a people who shake us up today with the gentle firmness and daring with which they make their witness against war, racial injustice, and other evils of our society.

Quakers suffered imprisonment, rape, brutality, and terrible persecution in England under Cromwell. Some of them were shipped off to Massachusetts to serve as indentured servants. Others fled to Pennsylvania to establish the first all-Quaker society. **The Peaceable Kingdom** tells it all by focusing on a few families that finally left England for Pennsylvania and then pressed on west into the frontier. By making the succeeding

generations intensely human and not always noble Mr. De Hartog has written a novel that is perhaps too long but is interesting most of the time and is sometimes very exciting.

The author plans to extend the story in a second volume, to be published in 1973. This will follow the Quakers' settlement in Indiana in 1833 and go on to the Lamb's War in New Mexico in 1945.

Not surprisingly, both Mr. De Hartog and his wife are Quakers.

In the excitement of putting men on the moon and getting them safely home again the more earthy results that have spun off from the space program have been overlooked. But there are a lot of these, and more to come, say space experts Frederick I. Ordway III, Carsbie C. Adams, Mitchell R. Sharpe, and David L. Christensen in **Dividends From Space** (Crowell, \$10).

This first in-depth report on what we on the ground are getting out of the space program predicts that the next ten years will bring us an incredible fallout of benefits in medicine, health, and communications; for monitoring and surveying earth's land, sea, and air resources; and for an unexpected variety of other practical applications. Instruments developed for use with astronauts are functioning now in hospitals and doctors' offices. Heart specialists, particularly, have received a variety of new techniques and instruments.

Satellites can pinpoint sources of pollution, spot forest fires, locate areas of disease in crops and forests, predict floods and tornadoes, provide data that will help us improve fishing, shipping, and navigation, and indicate environmental hazards that threaten health and welfare.

With the first pictures of earth from space, we had an entirely new view of our own planet, a "closed system," dependent upon the sun for energy, with limited, irreplaceable resources. It also opened up the potential of a global program for managing the earth's resources.

And in the long run the space program's best contribution may be the systems approach that had to be developed to solve the problems of

space exploration. This can be focused on the problems that plague society just as well.

There is a flood of books on children and drugs that have come out recently, and the flow doesn't show any signs of diminishing. Some of these books are very good, but one is outstanding. It is a forthright paperback by the staff of The Child Study Association of America. **You, Your Child and Drugs** (The Child Study Press, \$1.50) tells you what you need to know without moralizing or hysteria.

Even some of the people who understood and commended the anti-war protest in which Catholic priests Daniel and Philip Berrigan were involved at Catonsville, Md., have been deeply puzzled by their subsequent witness and by Daniel Berrigan's decision to become a fugitive instead of going to prison.

Their friends William Stringfellow and Anthony Towne examine the ethics of the Berrigans' behavior in **Suspect Tenderness** (Holt Rinehart Winston, \$5.95).

Daniel Berrigan is a poet as well as a Jesuit priest, and Old and New Testament figures appear in a new collection of his poems, **Encounters** (World, \$5.95).

And then we have **Prison Journals of a Priest Revolutionary** (Holt Rinehart Winston, \$5.95) in which Philip Berrigan records the daily life of his imprisonment at Baltimore and at federal penitentiaries at Lewisburg and Allenwood, Pa. All these throw light on what the Berrigans are trying to say.

In a charming "apricot house" overlooking the picturesque but impoverished mountain village of San Basilio an American woman begins a book on the still-medieval lives of southern Italian women. But as she penetrates deeper into the world of the townspeople, she discovers a terrible injustice that everyone concerned would like to forget. This story becomes her novel.

Vendetta of Silence (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$6.95), which bares the cruelty that can exist in a small, closely woven society, is the second book on southern Italy by Ann Cornelisen. It is written with compassion and humor.

Young couples reading **Getting Ready for Marriage** (Abingdon, \$3.75) can imagine themselves getting advice directly from David R. Mace, widely known authority on marriage and family life, for Dr. Mace has made this book just as much like

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a series of premarital counseling sessions as he could.

Since readers can't talk back to him, he urges them to talk to each other, exploring their attitudes toward sex, in-laws, money, and children, evaluating themselves and each other, and being very frank about individual plans and goals. If such discussions uncover a need for further counsel, a special appendix offers guidance in finding a competent counselor.

It's commonly assumed that if a marriage works for 15 or 20 years, it's a cinch. To confirm that this isn't so, just look around. Middlecence, in fact, is a crisis period when all kinds of problems can assail a marriage, and it's a poor time to take "forever" for granted.

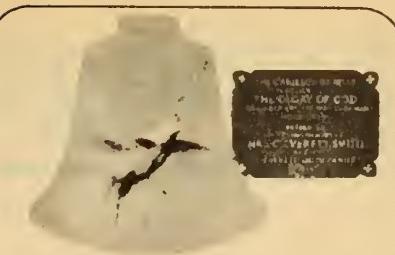
The Spouse Gap (Abingdon, \$4.95) is a brightly written exploration of marriage in the middle years, and coauthors Robert Lee and Marjorie Casebier have some interesting and practical ideas about how to weather storms.

One way or another, a lot of us feel a special tie to the Mississippi River or one of its tributaries. I do because I grew up in a Kansas town on the banks of the Arkansas River (in Arkansas City we pronounced it Arkansas instead of Arkansaw) and one of my great-great-grandfathers was a steamboat captain on the Mississippi.

For all of us river children, then, and for all other readers who have been enchanted by Mark Twain's river stories, Life on the River (Crown, \$12.50) is a fascinating pictorial history. Norbury L. Wayman's narrative, which weaves through more than 900 illustrations of river ports, riverboats, and river people, runs with floodtide swiftness.

A king who can't make up his mind is the dubious hero of The Upside-Down King (Windmill Books, \$4.95). His majesty is in a bad way until a wizard named Zip-Zip tells him to stand on his head. This solves everything happily for everybody. Delightful nonsense for small fry by Richard J. Margolis, with pictures by Lee Lorenz.

—Helen Johnson



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Jottings

We have written about her a number of times in this column, but we never met her. Few among the millions who have read her poetry knew that for most of her 50 years Jane



Merchant was confined to an invalid's bed, forever locked away from the world her verse roamed so freely and portrayed so vividly.

Jane died last January, leaving us ten books and more than 2,000 poems. Some 30 of the latter have been published in *Together* since her first contribution in December, 1956. The latest was her *Calendar of Haiku* last January, verses looking forward to months that will pass without her. Four more of her poems are in our files awaiting publication.

She wrote with beauty, inspiration, humor, and deep spiritual insight. There were sermons in the life of this woman who was determined to triumph over a disabling bone disease and, more recently, total deafness. Triumph she did, magnificently. How

she did it is best revealed in one of her most intimate passages:

Full half a hundred times I've sobbed, "I can't go on, I can't go on . . ." And, yet, full half a hundred times I've hushed my sobs, and gone.

My answer, if you ask me, may seem presumptuously odd . . . But I think what kept me keeping on . . . was God.

There's something of Jane Merchant's spirit and determination in another one of our contributors. He's **James Guthrie** of Albuquerque, N. Mex., author of *Kipling, the Patio, and the Book of Job*, on page 48. You met him first in 1969 when our May and June issues carried his tributes to his mother and father.

Since then, Jim tells us, he has continued to pound his typewriter with enthusiasm, despite a severe, life-long ailment. In addition to recently published work in a number of periodicals, he has completed a little book, *Signs and Wonders*. His introduction reveals an unassuming objectivity and a certain sense of humor:

"Little books privately printed by amateur scribblers who overestimate their work have never had much reputation either as good literature or runaway best sellers," he admits.

However, there is a great deal of good writing in this book. Here's a passage that caught our eye:

"Strangesome things transpire in the mountains. People hardly get out of the car before hallucinations begin. The senses go all a-scramble, unabated by drugs. You can smell distance, for example. You look off to a high rounded hill a mile or so away, covered with sharp-tipped fir trees and standing spruce, and when the air is lightly hazed with evergreen scent and the sweet drift of June-blooming wild flowers, that's distance you're breathing."

From a wheelchair, we should add.

"He gave them the dickens, the narrow-minded and backsliders, the hidebound traditionalists and would-be revolutionists, the racial conservatives and liquor liberals, and a whole hodgepodge of others."

So wrote a reporter in *The Charlotte (N.C.) Observer* last October about a "soft-spoken, peppery-penned minister turned editor named Dr. Angus McKay Brabham, Jr."

At that time Dr. Brabham had left his 10-year post as editor of the *Advocate*, South Carolina's weekly United Methodist magazine, and was taking over his duties as a district superintendent.

We think Dr. Brabham is a natural as author of *A Southern Churchman*

Looks to Atlanta—'72 [page 2], one of several features in this issue which point to the General Conference of The United Methodist Church this April 16-29.

Dr. Brabham believes in speaking—and writing—plainly, as you'll discover:

"There are a lot of people who think a Methodist minister ought to be concerned about 'saving souls'—period!

"I was born as a human being as a citizen, and later by choice I became a Christian and a minister. I never knew being a minister meant I should forfeit my rights and duties as a man and a citizen."

Dr. Brabham conducts his duties as district superintendent out of Spartanburg. And, by the way, he is a ministerial delegate to the General Conference he discusses in this issue.

We left school between semesters a great many years ago to take our first full-time job. Among all the days and weeks that have followed, the first few on that first job remain clearest in our mind.

It will be the same, we imagine, for an attractive young woman who just moved in down the hall from us. She, too, is beginning her career between semesters.

Mrs. Patricia Afzal was graduate from Ohio State University school of journalism in December and joined our staff shortly after the first of the year.

At Columbus she covered campus sorority and fraternity activities, edited copy, and worked as a general assignments reporter for the *Lantern*, a high-quality daily campus newspaper. Here at *Together* that experience will hold her in good stead as associate news editor where she succeeds the Rev. James F. Campbell. Mr. Campbell moves from the news department to work on feature material as an associate editor with *Together*.

It is already apparent that Pat will provide a youthful and feminine viewpoint to many of our columns. She was married in the summer of 1971 to Vincent A. Afzal, also a student at Ohio State, and they have a daughter, Joi, now almost a year old.

—Your Editor

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Let's hope not. But let's also consider the results of a recent nationwide study of disability among ministers. Approximately 13% of one group of ministers indicated that they had to resign, or will have to resign, because of disability. Others reported that they did not continue to receive a salary from their churches after they were disabled, while still others said that their wives had to go to work. And in cases where a supply minister was hired, 7% of the disabled ministers indicated that they paid the supply minister out of their own salaries.

If your minister should encounter disability—temporary or permanent—could your church continue paying his salary? Who would pay for a supply minister? Could your minister and his family continue to live in church-provided hous-

ing, or wouldn't the budget stand the added strain?

To answer these questions, you and your church board may wish to consider the following possibilities: Check with the Social Security office to determine what benefits are available. /Explore various welfare agencies which could provide financial aid to your clergyman's family. /Review denomination-sponsored pension plans to see if they include disability income protection. /Discuss with your minister what constitutes an "adequate" income protection program. (And make arrangements to increase the program if it's inadequate.) /Come to an agreement as to who employs and pays the supply minister. /Establish a regular review date so the program never becomes outdated.

*Reprints of this public service message for distribution to your local church officials are available on request.
Also available are reprints of an article in Your Church magazine on the subject of ministerial disability.*



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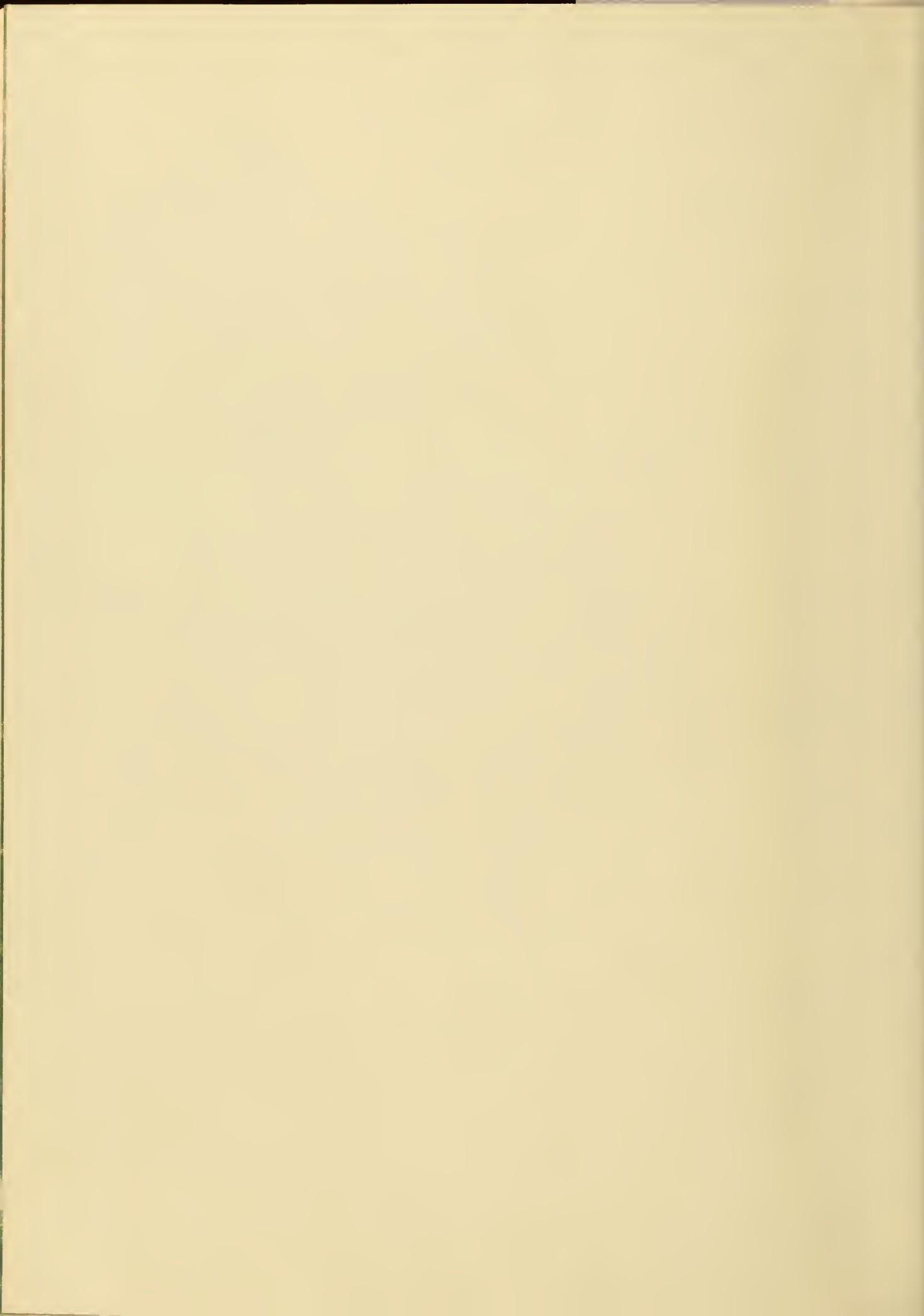
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